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JANUARY



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THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

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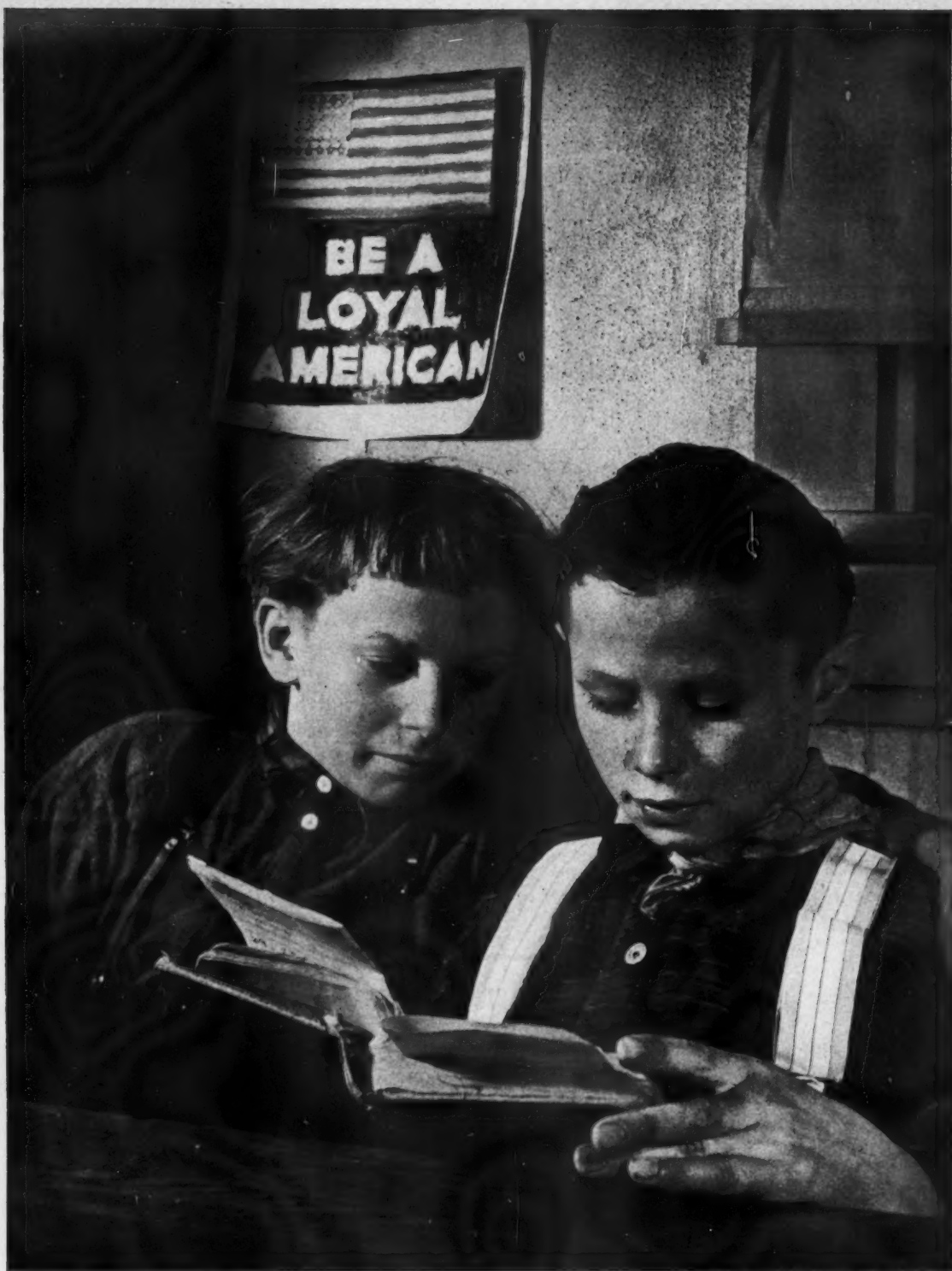
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Photograph by Margaret Bourke-White

THESE YOUNG AMERICANS, WHOSE HUTTERIAN GRANDPARENTS LEFT RUSSIA TO
LIVE IN THE NEW WORLD, STUDY ENGLISH GRAMMAR AND AMERICAN HISTORY
From "Say, is this the U.S.A.?" by Erskine Caldwell and Margaret Bourke-White

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ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

JANUARY • 1943

MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE

INTERPRETER of OUR TIMES

By MARGARET THOMSEN RAYMOND



MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE, WHO WAS QUICK TO PERCEIVE BEAUTY WHERE FEW PHOTOGRAPHERS WERE AWARE OF IT

Now officially connected with the U. S. Air Corps, this top-flight woman photographer is working on one of the battlefronts of the War

All photographs by Margaret Bourke-White

recently to a bare roof amid the clatter of shrapnel and falling bombs to set up her cameras under the blazing night skies during an air raid. In the past, it was her moral courage that made her speak the truth to the American people through her pictures of the terrible drought of 1934, and again of the plight of the people in our Southland and their ills and sorrows. How well she has accomplished her aims, her pictures tell better than words; but words are needed to recount the

Photographs from "Shooting the Russian War" by courtesy of Simon and Schuster

EVERY girl who looks forward to a career dreams of becoming famous some day, of reaching the top in her chosen profession, though few ever realize that dream. One of the few who did is Margaret Bourke-White, top-flight photographer, who has not only achieved fame for herself, but has brought distinction to her profession. What are the qualities which have brought her such great success—qualities which would be needed by a girl who wished to follow in her footsteps?

To begin with, a girl who aspired to such a career would need not only persistence and unending patience, but the artist's keen eye for form and depth, for light and shade; and besides these, she would need tremendous courage, both physical and moral. It was physical courage that sent the young photographer into the open-hearth furnace room of a steel plant while molten metal poured in fiery streams from the great ladle, and it is this same courage which carried her



FROM "SHOOTING THE RUSSIAN WAR." IT TOOK GREAT COURAGE TO GET THIS SHOT FROM A MOSCOW ROOF DURING AN AIR RAID



MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE IN A REINDEER FUR HAT THAT CAME FROM ARCHANGEL. SHE WORE IT HOME FROM RUSSIA

RIGHT: FROM "NORTH OF THE DANUBE." NOTE THE POVERTY OF THE PEASANTS IN THIS CZECHO-SLOVAKIAN VILLAGE

BELOW: FROM "SHOOTING THE RUSSIAN WAR." A STRIKING PHOTOGRAPH OF THE WOMEN FARMERS OF THE UKRAINE

story of Margaret Bourke-White herself.

Her mother, Minnie Bourke, was Irish, with a stern sense of rectitude. From her, Margaret says, she learned to finish whatever she began. Her father, Joseph White, was of American parentage with English blood predominating. He was a designer of printing presses by trade and he invented a process for color reproduction—now em-

bodied in the rotary press—an invention that involves the use of cameras and chemicals as photography does. He also had a hobby; every week end he became a naturalist, wandering the woods and fields of New Jersey, observing the living creatures and their habits, collecting plants, and identifying birds and trees and flowers. From her father, Margaret undoubtedly inherited her scientific leanings, her love of good craftsmanship, and her artistic bent.

Margaret Bourke-White herself was born in New York City, but while still a little girl she moved with her family to Cleveland, Ohio, where she grew up, and where, later, she returned to make herself famous. She has one older sister and one younger brother.

The girls loved to go walking with their father on his nature excursions, and soon Margaret, nicknamed Peggy, was as enthusiastic a naturalist as he. Once she raised an assortment of twenty-five turtles in their backyard; and in the room her mother allowed her to keep for her experiments and ob-

servations, she watched two hundred caterpillars champing and chawing their way about the edges of the fresh greenery she provided for them. Soon they were winding a few last strands to brace their changing bodies against the bare twigs, and then presently, in place of her caterpillars, she had two hundred green chrysalises studded with flecks of gold. A few weeks later the little girl persuaded her whole family to sit up all night with her to watch the first butterflies emerge, unfold and dry their wings, and flutter away through the open window.

Peggy was a good student and a quick one; in her early teens she was ready for college and went away to New York for her first year at Columbia University. As an elective, that spring, she chose a course in photography under Clarence H. White, a fine craftsman and artist, whose books and pictures are still "an inspiration to young photographers. This course, however, was not intended to create professional photographers; it was merely to give students a better understanding of their tools—the camera, the enlarger, the paper and chemicals they worked with—and to



RUSSIAN BABIES IN THE NURSERY OF THE AMO AUTOMOBILE FACTORY POSE APPEALINGLY FOR MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE

give them a keener appreciation of photography as a fine art.

Margaret had no intention then of becoming a photographer. Above everything else, she wanted to be a scientist, a zoölogist, and she even knew what kind—a herpetologist. It was her old love of turtles and kindred small creatures coming out! Her instructors advised her that the best place to specialize in herpetology, the study of reptiles, was at the University of Michigan. And so, the next fall, she set out for Ann Arbor and remained there two years.

In her freshman year at college her beloved father had died, and Margaret had had to earn extra money during the holidays to help her make her way through school. She had been a naturalist and counselor at a girls' camp one year, and she had worked in the Natural History Museum in Cleveland. Then, in her junior year at Michigan, her money gave out and she had to go to work. She took a full time job in the Museum that summer, determined—even if she couldn't take a degree—to continue her study of zoölogy there and her specialty, the reptiles.

She was earning a good salary and her associates did not want her to leave, but after a year and a half she decided to go back to college and take her B.S. degree. Her savings would just cover tuition at Cornell, which has a good scientific school, and train fare to Ithaca, New York, where Cornell University is. It was a good school, too, for earning the extra money she would need to pay her living expenses.

Early in the autumn of that year, she took some pictures of the lovely campus at Cornell. She was especially successful in making artistic studies of the dormitories and lecture halls that nestle against the hills about "fair Cayuga's waters," the lake of which the students love to sing. These pictures in the school paper attracted the attention of her schoolmates, and she sold prints of them in such numbers that soon she had a photographic business which was paying even more than her living expenses. And that was how she became fascinated with the art of catching gleams and shadows across the faces of beautiful buildings and transferring them to paper. So absorbed had she become in this art, that she spent as much time at photography as she did at her study of reptiles.

Margaret was graduated from Cornell in the year 1927. She went back to Cleveland to be near (Continued on page 31)



JUST BEFORE THE LADLE IS POURED—A TENSE MOMENT CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA IN ALL ITS BEAUTY AND DRAMA



MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE'S STARTLINGLY BEAUTIFUL INDUSTRIAL PHOTOGRAPHS HAVE MADE HER FAMOUS. ABOVE: HER OWN FAVORITE PHOTOGRAPH—A ROTARY SAW IN A LIMESTONE PIT. LEFT: SCOOPING BAUXITE INTO STORAGE BINS



JILL ANGLES IN

START shooting!" The command came out of a small conference room at Baydale High School, just as Jill Barrett put her hand on the knob. Quietly she opened the door on which hung a sign:

*DANGER
Movie Makers
At Work*

Inside the room were the two most important members of the Movie Makers Club. One was Chet Williams, whose crew-cut hair looked like a black shoe brush. He was seated in a canvas chair marked *Director*. The other was Andy Craig, Jill's next door neighbor whose enthusiasm for movie-making she had shared since his magic-lantern days. Andy, the dimple in his chin making him look angelic in spite of his loud-checked shirt, was squinting into a movie camera on a tripod. He straightened up to give Jill a grin and a special wink.

Jill returned Andy's wink with a smile and greeted Chet perfunctorily. She thought, "Look at him, lolling there! I'd like to see how much of a movie he'd make without Andy to do all the work."

"Hold everything!" Chet ordered Andy. "Come in, Jill, and be present at a momentous occasion—the very last 'take'."

Jill stationed herself by the big flood lamp clamped to the back of a chair. The light, cutting across the June sunshine that streamed in through the casement windows, was directed upon a table on which was a miniature railroad trestle made with a child's erector set.

With a steel tape, Andy measured the distance between the lens and the table before he pressed the button on the camera. The faint whir of the instrument and the anxious breathing of the three were the only sounds in the room.

The thought of the movie they were making and all that depended on it made Jill tremble, though she wasn't a jittery person. She knew that her father, who was the principal of the school, had sponsored the movie-making project over the objections of most of the school board. The movie had to be good! Yet she knew it wasn't. Dad wouldn't like its cheapness and all those mushy love scenes Chet had insisted on. He wouldn't understand how Chet had overruled the other club members.

She ought to do something about it! But, after all, she was the only girl in the club of ten and she had only the lowly job of "Props." She was helpless. Still she couldn't let Dad down, either. She tried to keep her mind on the scene being filmed and again she marveled that this

The president of the Movie Makers Club thought "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em" had box office appeal—but Jill and her friend Andy knew better



"YOU GO ON WITH THE BOYS. GET SOMEONE ELSE TO GO IN MY PLACE. I'M SORRY, ANDY, BUT I'VE DECIDED NOT TO GO TONIGHT"

By HELEN DIEHL OLDS

ten-inch trestle would appear life-size on the screen; that the audience would think it the same one from which the heroine jumped, so deftly would Andy splice this sequence into the action. Andy was clever and he ought to have a better movie to work on than this silly *Love 'Em and Leave 'Em*.

"Okay! Cut!" Chet always yelled his orders, probably trying to act like directors he'd seen in the movies.

Jill's back stiffened with resentment. Andy was a good camera man and he did not need direction on a scene like this. But Chet never let any club member forget for a moment that he was president and director.

Click! Jill snapped off the floor lamp.

Andy took out a grimy data book and entered in it the number of feet he had shot and the exposure he had used.

"Well, that finishes the movie! It's going to be a wow," Chet bragged. "We'll have folks rolling in the aisles on the evening of June twenty-fifth—you just see if we don't!"



That was the date already set for the premiere of *Love 'Em and Leave 'Em*, the club's first presentation. Jill was delighted that they had plenty of time to complete the movie. Titles had to be made and spliced in, and she and Andy wanted every detail perfect.

"But before we can think of the premiere, there's another important date!" Jill went over to the calendar, torn off at Monday, June second, and stood looking at the two days ringed in red. June ninth was the deadline for the Inter-State Amateur Movie Contest. Well, *Love 'Em* would be ready to be entered in the contest as they had planned. The film could be submitted to the contest and returned for the premiere. Jill, as chairman of the entry committee, must see that the film was mailed in time.

The contest rules were thumbtacked next to the calendar and her eyes went to them. "Andy and I will have almost a week," she thought. "That gives us time to get the films processed—and then do the editing and splicing."

"Ah feels it in ma bones", as our cook says, that we're going to cop the first prize," Chet went on now. "A hundred bucks—and it's in the bag!"

"There's plenty to do before we even submit it!" flared Jill. "Titles. Splicing. Ouch!" She burned her fingers unscrewing the flood lamp bulb. She knew better than to touch it so soon, but Chet's lordly ways got her rattled.

"You two can handle those jobs," Chet said grandly as he strode to the door, opened it, and signalled a passing classmate. "Hey, wait for me!"

Andy and Jill were left with the task of setting the conference room to rights—rolling up the yards of extension cord, returning the flood lamp to the cupboard, putting away the phonograph which was used to get actors into the right mood.

Jill replaced the director's chair with a bang before the big desk cluttered with empty reels, round film cans, pencils, and tiny bottles, some filled with water, some with film cement. "You ought to be sitting in this chair, Andy!" she said.

"But it's in the by-laws that the president shall be the director," he told her reasonably.

"And Chet's president because he owns the equipment! Because his father got him a 16mm. camera when he heard the Movie Makers were being formed! And Chet hasn't any idea how to make a good movie. *Love 'Em and Leave 'Em* is as bad as its title."

"Oh, I don't know," Andy defended. "It's slapstick, of course, but Chet knows his stuff."

Andy failed to see the cheapness of the movie, Jill thought. Besides, he would stick up for Chet. Boys were like that.

She was in an arguing mood. "It's mean of Chet to dump everything on us. But he'll take all the credit, you'll see."

Andy tried to be fair. "It's not all Chet's fault. It's mostly because the club has narrowed down to a few who do all the work. That often happens. The movie will be good, don't you worry your red head about that! And if we win the prize—" he looked up from the square yellow carton he was addressing to send off the film to be developed—"the club can get its own movie camera!"

"With our own camera, we wouldn't need Chet for president!"

"Here," Andy grabbed the camera, "there's a lot of film left on this reel. We might as well use it and send it all off to be developed together."

When Andy had had to practice shooting films before he could act as cameraman for the club, Jill had tagged about with him, and the two were soon absorbed in making a movie of school doings which had no connection with *Love 'Em and Leave 'Em*. So engrossed had they become in their spare-time movie that they even dug into their own allowance money for films to use in the experiment. All term both had

Illustrated by HILDA FROMMHOLZ

been "practically on relief," Jill said, but neither regretted having spent their pocket money on the film.

"Come on, let's angle," Andy said now.

The verb referred to a suggestion Jill had made weeks before. "Why do you take everything from the same angle?" she had asked Andy. "When you're walking along, you don't look at one level all the time. You look up and down. Wouldn't it be fun to do these shots of the school as though the camera were the eyes of a brand-new freshman, seeing everything for the first time?"

He had agreed, "Not a bad idea!"

They picked out two new students, a freckled boy and a girl with a photogenic face; and much footage was used showing the two studying in the library, working in the art room, the girl in Home Ec, the boy in manual training, and then the two walking home together.

They tried new angles, too—close-ups of grimy saddle-shoes going reluctantly into the study hall, joyfully to the soda fountain. Between themselves, Jill and Andy began to call their spare-time movie, *Freshman Upsandowns*.

Now Jill and Andy went down the wide hall. Outside they loosened the tripod head to angle up at the tower where the American flag fluttered against the bright sky. Then to the tennis courts to take more shots. They stopped only when every foot of film was gone.

Jill was thinking, "If only Andy, with his marvelous patience and good ideas, could be club president! Then we'd have a really good film to enter in that contest." As it was, she was ashamed to send *Love 'Em and Leave 'Em*.

Andy must have been thinking along the same lines, for he said now, "It's a crime that *Love 'Em* isn't as good as *Upsandowns*. If only we were trying out our luck with that!"

The next afternoon the titling committee, as Andy and Jill called themselves, met in the club room. Andy bent

over the typewriter borrowed from the commercial room, while Jill cut wallpaper samples into small oblongs for title backgrounds—the softly mottled ones were the best. She stacked the slips for Andy to use when he typed off the titles.

Andy was slow. With much puckering of his forehead he read each bit of action from the typed scenario, then, with long pauses, ticked off titles that he hoped might fit.

JILL drew a sharp breath as she thought of the work ahead. Each one of the typed titles had to be propped up in a stand called a titler and filmed, and then spliced into the right place in the movie before the entry would be ready.

"Can't expect to have the film developed and back before Friday," Andy said, above the snipping of Jill's shears. "But we can spend the first half of Friday afternoon doing the editing—deleting the bad bits, rearranging the sequences, splicing in the titles. We'll have it all ready to give a sneak preview that same afternoon."

"I can hardly wait," Jill murmured.

What will the films look like, she wondered during the days that followed. Will they be good? And their own private movie, *Freshman Upsandowns*, what of it? Would the focus be right on that shot of the school flag? Was that cute freshman as photogenic as they thought? And, Jill's thoughts ran on, would she and Andy really have *Love 'Em* ready for that sneak preview? It was to be held for just a few of them—Andy, Jill, Chet, and another girl to make it a foursome. Afterward they would have dinner at the dog-wagon and take in a movie. The affair had been planned long ago, in celebration of the completion of *Love 'Em and Leave 'Em*.

Finally the film was returned from the developer's—and Andy's titles, too. With them came *Freshman Upsandowns*, but there was no time to think about that now. Andy merely placed the two round tin cans that held their private reels on a high shelf in the clubroom closet.

"We'll work on it some sweet day," he joked, pulling on the white cotton gloves he wore to prevent scratches when he handled films. His face was serious as he sat at the table amid a jungle of coiled black film—the reels of *Love 'Em* which they were to assemble into order in time for the sneak preview. He held the film up to the light to study it, then handed the cut ends to Jill.

"Some sweet day!" echoed Jill. With a tiny brush she deftly dropped a speck of film cement on the edges of the film stretched across the splicing block.

Miraculously they finished the work, and when Chet came in later on, everything was ready for the preview. He brought Margie Carter with him. Margie wasn't a Movie Maker, but she belonged to the Dramatic Club which had made up the cast of Chet's movie.

The film was threaded into the projector borrowed from the auditorium booth, and was shown on the white wall of the club room in lieu of a screen. Andy and Jill managed the projector. Chet and Margie sat and applauded.

Jill's heart ached. The movie wasn't half good enough to be the club's entry in that contest.

When the film (Continued on page 48)



JILL STUDIED THE RULES FOR THE DOZENTH TIME AND TREMBLED AT HER OWN AUDACITY



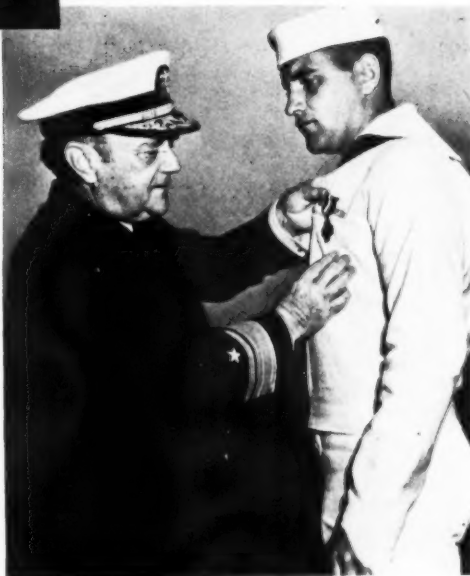
THE HONOR *and the* GLORY

By RANDOLPH BARTLETT

*Behind the deeds of
America's war heroes
are those characteris-
tics which we consid-
er typically American*

AMERICANS hate war. The farmer, the doctor, the merchant, the workman ask of the rest of the world only that they be left alone to pursue their peaceful occupations. Greedy despots have made the mistake of thinking that we wanted peace only because we were afraid of war, and that our bookkeepers and plowboys, carpenters and electricians, novelists and shoe clerks, chauffeurs and painters would be no match in battle for their hordes long schooled in the business of mass murder. Too late they are discovering that, when the need arises, the United States can produce soldiers, both amateur and professional, who are among the toughest fighting men in the world.

More individual heroes already have come out of the present war than in any other war in history in the same length of time. It is significant that Americans have performed so many deeds of valor. Scarcely a day passes that we do not read of some American soldier, sailor, or marine receiving a decoration. And this is not mere luck. In the kind of war that is now being fought, the qualities in which Americans excel are particularly important. They think for themselves, which is one of the reasons their country never could be ruled by a dictator. They have ingenuity, initiative, quick-wittedness, stick-to-itiveness, and a curious blend of idealism with practical common sense. Even their sense of humor has had



*Illustrated with official U.S. Navy
and U.S. Marine Corps photographs*

ABOVE: ARTHUR G. ROBINSON, CAPTAIN OF "THE SHIP THAT WOULDN'T DIE," THE CRUISER "MARBLEHEAD"

LEFT: CLAUD BECKER OF THE "MARBLEHEAD," RECEIVING THE NAVY CROSS FOR HEROISM IN RESCUING HIS COMRADES WHO WERE TRAPPED BELOW DECK

its place in the conflict.

Courage, of course, is the first essential, and there are thousands of brave men, true heroes, who never receive medals or praise from their superior officers. The moment a man shoulders a gun and without flinching goes out to meet an enemy determined to destroy him and as many of his companions as possible, he becomes a hero. He knows that death may wait in every ditch, behind that tree, beneath yonder wave, and may come to him even before he has time to say a prayer. Any man with that knowledge, who goes steadily on to carry out orders, is a hero. No attempt will be made here to give a list of our war heroes, or even to describe in detail the exploits of some of the more famous ones. What I hope to show is that, in many of these supreme moments, the young men of our armed forces have displayed traits that may, without boasting, be called typically American.

No soldier in the armies of Hitler, Tojo, or Mussolini could have written such a letter as Ensign William R. Evans, Jr., sent from Hawaii to his parents in Indianapolis the night after Pearl Harbor was attacked.

"Tonight I put away all my civilian clothes," he wrote. "I fear the moths will find them good fare in the years to come. . . . Faith lost, all is lost. Let us hope tonight that

RIGHT: MERVYN SHARP BENNION, CAPTAIN OF THE "WEST VIRGINIA," WHO, FATALLY WOUNDED ON HIS SHIP AT PEARL HARBOR, NEVERTHELESS CONTINUED IN COMMAND UNTIL HE DIED

OVAL: ENSIGN DONALD F. MASON, WHO SANK A SUBMARINE IN THE COASTAL WATERS OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN AND RADIOED THE FAMOUS WORDS, "SIGHTED SUB, SANK SAME"

BELOW: LIEUTENANT COLONEL J. P. S. DEVEREUX, USMC, WHO COMMANDED MARINES AT WAKE ISLAND. WHEN ASKED WHAT WAS NEEDED, HE RADIOED, "SEND US MORE JAPS!"



people, big people, little people, all people throughout our great country, have the faith to sacrifice once again for the things we hold essential to life and happiness. Let us defend these principles to the last ounce of blood, but then above all retain reason enough to have 'charity for all and malice toward none.' If the world ever goes through this again, mankind is doomed. This time it has to be a better world."

Ensign Evans died in action in the battle of Midway.

That letter deserves a place beside the Gettysburg Address from which it quotes, the more so because it was not written for any public audience but just a word to the folks back home. In it will be found the reason why America's fighting men so readily rise to opportunities for great actions. They know what they are fighting for. Men do not become heroes in

AT THE RIGHT: LIEUTENANTS JOHN D. BULKELEY AND ROBERT KELLY, P. T. BOAT HEROES. "THEY WERE EXPENDABLE"

FAR RIGHT: LIEUTENANT JIM D. MILLER, WHO SAVED LIVES AT PEARL HARBOR—AND ENSIGN R. L. STEWART WHO WAS ALSO CITED FOR GALLANTRY



battle—in their hearts they were heroes before the battle began.

During the naval engagement in the Coral Sea, Lieutenant John James Powers of New York was flying a dive bomber. On the third day, as he was about to return to the conflict, he said to a group of fellow-pilots, "Remember, the folks back home are counting on us. I am going to get a hit, if I have to lay it on their flight deck." A Japanese aircraft carrier was his target. He dived his plane through bursting shells and enemy fighters, and did not release his bomb until he was so close to the ship that he could be certain of a direct hit. The resulting explosion destroyed his own plane, which dropped with him into the sea.

This was no accident, no miscalculation, for Lieutenant Powers, in the two preceding days, had demolished one enemy gunboat, put another out of commission, severely damaged an aircraft tender and a transport, and scored a direct hit on another aircraft carrier which sank soon after. He was no tyro, he knew the point where possible safety ended and certain death began. But he was determined to destroy this one stubborn adversary, now defended more desperately than ever by the Japanese fighting planes because of their fleet's other losses. In effect, though probably without need for conscious thought, he weighed his own life against the many which surely would be lost if this carrier were to remain afloat, and dived to certain victory and death.

Not for a ruthless dictator spreading his propaganda of hate, not for a puppet monarch superstitiously regarded as a descendant of pagan gods, but for "the folks back home" did Lieutenant Powers deliberately give up his life. A typically American phrase, a typical American hero. In such high honor and deep affection did these gallant men hold their country that they were inspired to self-forgetful deeds of glory in her service.

Happily there are many stories of heroism from the war



which is now in progress that do not have such tragic endings. There is a true American flavor to tale after tale of units which set out to perform a task involving the greatest danger, and not only carried out orders but returned to tell how the enemy had been outwitted. Yankee ingenuity has been proverbial, ever since the days when they were falsely accused of being so "slick" that they sold nutmegs made of wood. But the pioneers of America had to use their wits, and their descendants have retained and developed the capacity for solving quickly the most unexpected and difficult problems. This American trait has been displayed over and over in adventures in the Pacific since Pearl Harbor.

The name that comes to mind immediately in this respect is that of John D. Bulkeley, but his feats have been so widely described in news dispatches and in the book, "They Were Expendable," that it is unnecessary to go into details here. Bulkeley was the lieutenant in command of a Motor Torpedo Boat Squadron, little "eggshell" boats designed to appear suddenly, launch torpedoes at surprised enemy ships, and zigzag away, escaping gunfire by their tremendous speed. The account of how Bulkeley and his men overcame problems of supply bases, of sabotaged gasoline in which wax had been dissolved, sank a cruiser in Subic Bay, and spirited General MacArthur out of the Philippines right under the noses of the Japanese, will go down in history as one of the greatest American epics. One incident is especially worth recalling as showing the way these men rose to an emergency.

When a torpedo is launched, its propeller automatically starts revolving, and its firing apparatus is adjusted so that after a certain number of revolutions it is ready to explode at the slightest jar. When Bulkeley's boat had torpedoed the cruiser at Subic and was almost out of danger from artillery fire, it was discovered that one of its torpedoes had stuck in its tube, and the propeller was whirling away to the point where a good high wave would have set it off and destroyed the boat and everyone in it. Martino, the torpedo man, didn't look around for tools. Grabbing the thing nearest his hands, which happened to be a wad of paper, and flinging himself upon the projectile he jammed the propeller blades and brought them to a stop.



LEFT: WOUNDED AS HE PILOTED A PLANE IN AN ATTACK ON ONE OF THE GILBERT ISLANDS, LIEUTENANT EDWIN J. KROEGER KEPT UP THE FIGHT AND RETURNED TO SAFETY

OVAL: WITH PLANE AFIRE, CAPTAIN RICHARD E. FLEMING, WHO WAS WOUNDED, BAILED OUT HIS CREW AND SANK AN ENEMY WARSHIP. HE HAS BEEN REPORTED "MISSING"

BELOW: QUICK-THINKING MEMBER OF THE COAST GUARD, J. C. CULLEN, REPORTED MYSTERIOUS "FISHERMEN" ON A LONG ISLAND BEACH AND LED TO CAPTURE OF NAZI SABOTEURS



Unique among the war's notables is Arthur W. Wermuth, captain in a Filipino scouting regiment. Ten years ago he was playing football with the Northwestern Military and Naval Academy at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. A year ago he was christened the "one-man army" of the forces defending Bataan. His specialty was making his way behind the Japanese lines, killing off snipers, committing depredations of all sorts, and getting back safely. He crawled through their lines with five gallons of gasoline, burned a village occupied by the Japanese, and returned unscathed. On one of his night excursions he encountered a member of a Jap patrol, who, through the darkness, hissed "S-s-s-s-s-sh!" Wermuth replied "S-s-s-s-s-sh," removed the firing pin from a hand grenade, placed it in the Jap's hand, closed the man's fingers around it, repeated "S-h-h-h-h-sh," and slipped into the darkness. A few minutes later the Jap loosened his grip on the grenade—and bang! Goodbye, Jap! Wermuth owns three decorations for his exploits; and two cities, both with some grounds, are claiming to be his home, Detroit and Chicago. He is said to have killed one hundred and sixteen of the enemy himself, mostly snipers who were hiding in trees and picking off Americans who strayed within range.

There can be heroism in defeat as well as in victory. This was shown in the retreat of General Joseph W. Stilwell and his staff from Burma, where they had done their amazing job of delaying the Japanese advance upon the Burma Road into China, but were finally overwhelmed by superior numbers.

Through pathless jungles, over mountains, across swamps infested by venomous reptiles and insects, (Continued on page 39)

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER E. H. O'HARE (LEFT) MADE A WORLD RECORD, DOWNING FIVE PLANES IN ONE DAY. LIEUTENANT COMMANDER J. S. THACH (RIGHT)

ALL'S SWELL THAT ENDS SWELL

In financial hot water, Lucy Ellen uses her wits to pull herself out



"I SAW THEIR CLEARANCE SALE ANNOUNCED IN THE MORNING PAPER—AND I NEEDED THAT JACKET DESPERATELY"

By FRANCES FITZPATRICK WRIGHT

FANNY came into my room one rainy night, and when she saw my face she stopped in her tracks. "What ails you, Lucy Ellen?" she asked. "You look like a convicted criminal."

"Nothing," I said feebly. "I'm tired. I've been studying."

"Baloney," said Fanny. She came over to where I was sitting hunched up in the wing chair. "Studying never gave you, or anybody else, that haunted and desperate look. Are you in love again? Have you had bad news from home?" She glanced at the letter lying in my lap. It was from Mother.

"Well, sort of," I said shakily. "The big dairy barn burned last Thursday night, and three of our registered Jersey cows were in it. And there wasn't half enough insurance to cover the loss. Everything has gone up so much, you know."

"That's tough," said Fanny. "That's truly tough. But I don't think you should let it make you sick."

I burst into tears. "It isn't just the barn and the cows," I sobbed. "It's that horrible little gray squirrel jacket."

"What jacket?" said Fanny. "Don't be hysterical."

I pointed to the open closet door. "It's hanging in there," I said, "and it cost sixty-five dollars. I charged it—and now I can't pay for it. I feel like a murderer!"

"Return it then," said Fanny.

"I can't," I wailed. "I've worn it. And anyway I got it on sale and they had a big sign that said, 'Positively no refunds. Positively no exchanges.'"

Fanny walked to the closet door, reached in, and brought

out the jacket. She examined it critically. "It's mighty pretty," she said, "and it looks like a good buy for sixty-five. Furs are higher than they were. But how did you happen to buy it? I thought you were the one person in this institution who never charged anything and always stayed within your allowance."

"I always have, before," I said. "I just lost my head, that's all. I'm never going to a sale again, as long as I live."

"Where did you get it?" asked Fanny, looking inside for the label. "*Deb and Sub-Deb Shop?*"

"Yes," I said bitterly. "Last week end when you were gone. Oh, Fanny, if you had been here, it wouldn't have happened! You always keep my feet on the ground. This is how it began. I saw their clearance sale announced in the paper Friday morning. One thing it said was, 'Sport jackets, regularly \$29.75, now \$12.95.' Well, I really needed a sport jacket. You saw the brown pleated skirt and yellow sweater Mother sent me lately. I wanted a brown and yellow plaid jacket to wear with them, and I needed it before Saturday afternoon. I mean desperately."

"I see," said Fanny. "You had a date to play golf with Sam Hallowell Saturday afternoon, and you wanted to knock his eye out. The plot thickens. Go on!"

"Listen, Fanny," I said. "He is by far the cutest boy I've had a date with since I came to Norman Hall. In fact, the only one I've cared for at all. And did you know he is related to General Douglas MacArthur? I mean distantly."

"Do tell!" said Fanny. "So that's the source of his glamour."

"You are making fun of me, Fanny," I said, "but really I can see a resemblance to the General. I mean Sam is so soldierly in his bearing, so masterful. And he's going to join the Marines as soon as school is out, even though he won't be twenty. And everyone knows that the Marines are always in the greatest danger and practically always get killed."

"I can see he's a patriot," said Fanny, "but get on with your story. You decided, for his sake, to buy a sport coat worth \$29.75 for \$12.95. That's hard to do, my sweet. I might almost say it's impossible. There's very apt to be something concealed in the wood pile."

"Well," I said, "I thought that the *Deb and Sub-Deb* was far above gypping anybody. So I counted all the money I had in my blue china hen and it was just seven dollars and sixteen cents. It didn't occur to me, then, to pay that much and ask them to charge the balance, because you know how Father is about charge accounts, Fanny. He seems to think they are practically the next thing to forgery. So I set out to raise five dollars and seventy-nine cents."

"How did you do it?" Fanny groaned. "I've got to raise a little cash myself. Did your roommate advance it?"

"I didn't tell Mary anything about it," I said. "She's so generous, she'd buy anything I offered to sell, just to accommodate me. I started to sell my tennis racquet to Beans—but I couldn't. It would be just like selling one of my arms."

"I don't blame you," said Fanny. "It would be as bad as what our cook did. In a pinch she sold her false teeth. She had to have money to get a divorce."

"Well, I sold my perfume," I said. "The *Tabu* that Ralph brought me from Cuba. I never had opened it. I sold it to Ethel for five seventy-nine."

"I don't see how you did it," said Fanny. "Besides, it was worth ten of anybody's money."

"You can't have everything, Fanny," I said.

"You could have worn your gray tweeds, dope," she protested.

"My tweed would be just fine in an air raid shelter," I said, "but it looks simply moth-eaten by daylight. And besides I had worn it the Saturday before when I played golf with Sam. And my green corduroy has an ink-spot on it, right in front. I simply had nothing."

"So you bought this nifty fur jacket for golfing?" said Fanny, laughing.

"It was a brain storm, Fanny," I moaned. "Let me tell you. Just as I was starting to the sale, the telephone rang. It was Sam's mother, and she asked if I would come to supper that night. So I said I would love to, and she said Sam would call for me at six. I was in a dither. Because when a man's mother wants to meet you, it's a sign you are making progress with him, don't you think so?"

"Undoubtedly," said Fanny. "So, exhilarated as you were, you decided that a fur jacket was all that was needed to make the evening a success."

"You're wrong," I protested. "It

Illustrated by PELAGIE DOANE

didn't enter my head to do anything extravagant. I simply took my twelve ninety-five in my purse and went to buy a sport jacket. I planned to wear my blue velveteen dress and my old brown coat that night. Well, the saleswoman I had was awfully attractive—Miss Genevieve. She's French."

"Once or twice removed," said Fanny. "She was born in Gary, Indiana. But she's smooth. I could have warned you that, if she tried, she could sell Mahatma Gandhi a sport jacket."

"She didn't seem the least bit high pressure, Fanny," I argued. "She seemed really sorry that all the jackets were much too big for me. 'Eet ees a peety,' she said. 'They are so large for an elephant. And you have such a lovely leetle figure, the perfect thirty-four.' I love the way she talks."

Fanny nodded. "So then I'll bet she said, 'But how about one of our leetle fur jackets? So flattering. So practical. Such a bargain.'"

I opened my eyes wider. I had to admit that that was almost exactly what Miss Genevieve did say. I went on, "Anyway, before I quite knew what I was doing, I was standing before a long triple mirror with this jacket on. Fanny, it is terribly flattering. I mean it does lots for me."

"Besides keeping you warm, you mean?" Fanny said. "Yes, I'm sure it does. It's a honey. And so you got to thinking



"ANYWAY, BEFORE I QUITE KNEW WHAT I WAS DOING, I WAS STANDING BEFORE A TRIPLE MIRROR WITH THE JACKET ON



how nice you'd look at Sam's house, clothed in squirrel and blue velveteen. I can see it all."

"But I told her I couldn't afford it," I said. "I was getting ready to take it off, and then that red-haired salesgirl came over and muttered to Miss Genevieve, 'If she doesn't want it, don't put it back on the rack. My customer is waiting to try it on.'"

"I stole a look across the room, and there was Gloria with her eye on me. She looked like a cat sitting by a goldfish bowl. You know how she always snatches everything if she thinks anyone else wants it."

"Especially men," said Fanny. "So you decided to buy the coat to keep her from getting it. I can't blame you. She's a pain in the neck."

"And a fly in the soup," I added. "She gives herself such airs. And, after all, her father got his money by packing meat. So I wouldn't pull off the coat. Instead I said to Miss Genevieve, 'I'd love to have it, but I've never had a charge account and I could only pay you twelve ninety-five down.'"

"'Just a minute,' she said and disappeared. When she came back, she had the manager with her—you know the big gray-haired one."

"Mrs. Hervey. She owns the place, lock, stock, and barrel," Fanny said. "What did she say?"

"Miss Genevieve introduced us," I explained. "And Mrs. Hervey said, 'Another one of the Norman Hall girls, I suspect.' So I said yes, and she said—so benevolently, Fanny—'Take the little jacket along with you, darling. After all, sixty-five dollars!' and she waved her hands as if it was nothing."

"She always waves her hands at nice sums of money," said Fanny grimly. "But she never kisses them good-by."

"Pay what you like down, my child," she said. "And pay the rest anyway that is convenient. Say ten dollars a month."

SAM TWISTED IT UP, LIKE A TAPER, AND SET FIRE TO IT. HE LET THE ASHES FALL INTO HIS COFFEE CUP. "SHALL I DRINK THEM?" HE ASKED, LAUGHING

Well, by then I was so hot and confused—and girls all around me were buying things even more expensive—and I thought

that if I never had another soda, and never bought another magazine, or saw another show, or got another wave, I could save ten dollars a month out of my allowance and pay for it. I thought that wouldn't matter to Father, or take bread from anybody's mouth."

"Well, can't you do it?" said Fanny.

"You don't understand, Fanny!" I cried. "In this letter Mother asks me, on account of the fire, if I can manage on ten dollars a month less."

"Oh dear!" cried Fanny. "What a painful coincidence! It's too bad about the barn. I'll try to think of something. There's the clock striking six. Come on, we're late to supper now."

"You go ahead, Fanny," I said. "I'm not hungry. I couldn't eat if I had to."

When she was gone, I wrote Mother and told her how horribly sorry I was about the fire, and how glad I would be to help by managing on less. Which was true in a way. I mean I couldn't have stood taking the other ten right then, even in my dire straits.

I used to read *David Copperfield* and laugh at Mr. Micawber for being always in debt and at the same time making speeches about the job of living inside your income. I realized, one day, that I was acting just like him. I had on the fur jacket and my red wool dress. I was on my way to a movie with Sam. I stopped by Fanny's room a minute.

"Being in debt is horrible, Fanny," I said. "I mean it robs you of all your self-respect. It makes me simply cringe to pass by the *Deb and Sub-Deb* in this coat."

"You don't look entirely crushed," Fanny said. "I think you bear up pretty well."

(Continued on page 37)

BEAUTY *and* JOB HUNTING

By ELINOR MARK

*When you apply for a job, be sure
you look as though you could do
the kind of work you're asking for*

TWO girls sat in the reception room of a large textile company, waiting for an interview with the advertising manager in reference to a secretarial position. Both girls were recent high school graduates interested in a career in advertising. Both were intelligent, efficient, and excellent at shorthand and typing. To the casual observer, it would appear as though the advertising manager had quite a problem on his hands. And yet, within a half hour, one girl walked out with a job, the other with a polite refusal.

What was it that made this employer choose one girl in preference to the other? Ask the girl who was refused the job and she would probably say, "No luck," and yet it isn't so simple as that. Luck plays a very small part in getting a job, as any personnel expert will tell you. There are definite, almost scientific reasons why an employer, after interviewing a group of applicants, decides, "I'll take that one!" Sometimes the reasons seem trivial, and yet if a little thing like the wrong shade of nail polish can affect a girl's career in the business world, it certainly merits some serious attention. It is particularly important today, when so many men are entering the armed services and the girls have a better opportunity than ever before to find jobs in business and the professions, as well as in the war factories where they are urgently needed to produce guns, tanks, and munitions for our armed forces. Today, there is almost no such thing as a field of work which is barred to women and a girl can pick and choose her career—if she has the necessary training and if her appearance measures up to employers' standards.

But how, you might ask, is a girl to

figure out in advance what it is that different employers will expect of her? How should she dress, comb her hair, and make up her face when she goes out to look for a job? And how can she prepare for job hunting while she is still in school? To find answers to these questions, a well known beauty authority, Helena Rubinstein, surveyed one hundred and fifty leading executives, directors of food companies, publishing firms, advertising agencies, banking houses, war factories, and training institutes. Madame Rubinstein wanted to cut through the web of uncertainty surrounding this question of the way a girl should look when she goes job hunting, and to arrive at some real, down-to-earth facts. And when one hundred and fifty leading businessmen talk frankly and openly about the way they think the girls who work for them ought to look—the facts and figures come tumbling out as fast as you can record them.

Many of the questions asked received an almost unanimous



SUCH A SIMPLE THING AS THE WRONG
DRESS AND HAT MAY SPOIL ALL YOUR
CHANCES FOR A JOB YOU REALLY WANT

response. In fact, it would seem that employers are pretty much of one mind, to judge from their replies to the following questions—and that they are as eager to find the answer to their problem of whom to employ as girls are eager to get jobs:

Question: Which do you think is more important in impressing a potential employer:

- (1) The smartness of the clothes a girl wears.
- (2) The physical features of the girl (such as clear complexion, bright eyes, kind of hair, size, weight, etc.)

Result: 80% answered: "The physical features of the girl."

Question: Do you find that competent young women are frequently refused positions because of poor appearance?

Result: 88% answered: "Yes."

Question: Which girl do you think has the better chance of getting a position:

- (1) the girl who is fairly competent, is attractive, and has personality.
- (2) the girl who is highly competent and not attractive.

Result: 91% answered: "The girl who is fairly competent, is attractive, and has personality."

The survey proves that expensive clothes are less important than personal grooming. Your interviewer gets a general impression of you first, but all the while he's asking you what your speed in typing is and what you majored in at school, his eyes are fixed upon your face. A straggly hair-do, a blemished complexion or badly applied lipstick may be fatal, so listen to what these employers think about your face:

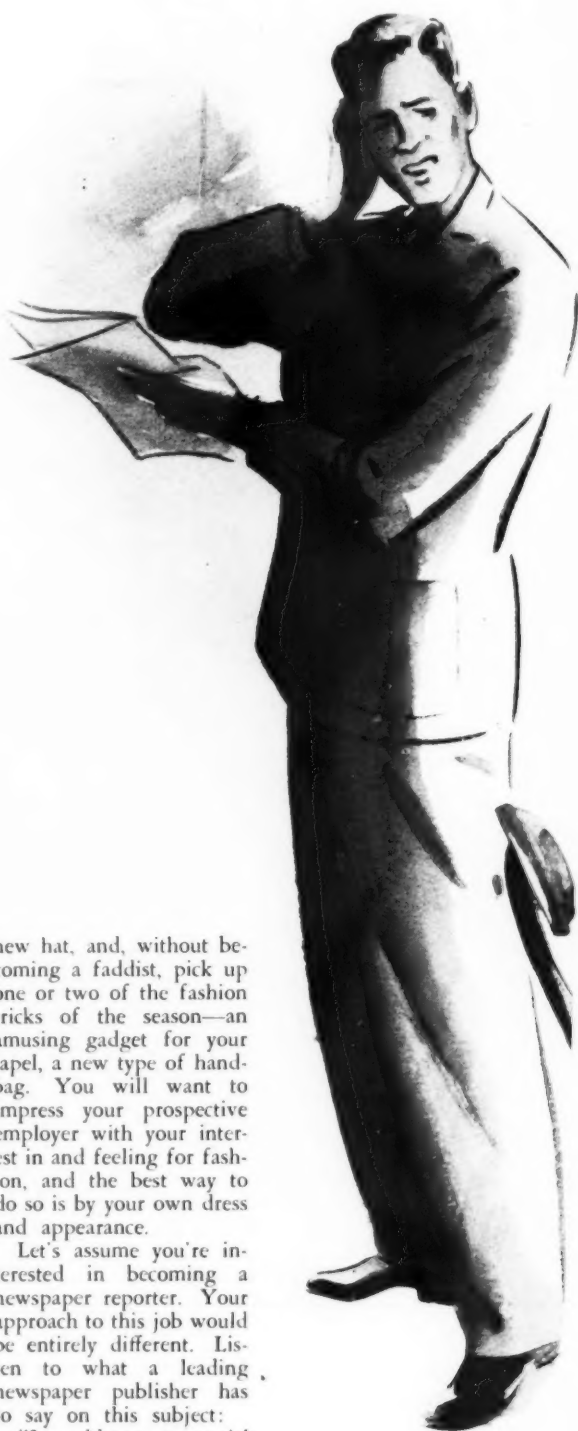
Most of them agreed that your make-up ought to be subtle. "No purple lipstick," commented a department store executive. "No eyeshadow," contributed a magazine editor. "No greasy, movie-star mouths," insisted a public relations counsellor. "No exaggerated eyebrows," declared a textile executive. "No beaded lashes," "No lank, shaggy, glamour-girl hair-dos" were other specific objections—and a bad skin was noted by one and all.

The personnel manager of a large retail chain summed it up. "We like to hire girls whose faces look clean," he said. "That doesn't mean they should go without make-up and look faded and dowdy. It just means their skins should be clear and unblemished, and make-up should be applied so that we're not conscious of it. We like hair that looks cared for and not much longer than shoulder length. We like lipstick that's on straight and doesn't look eaten off in the middle, powder that's smooth, and, if the girl uses rouge, we like it to be inconspicuous. As for her hands, they must look well groomed. The worst hand-faults I know are too long fingernails, or fingers coated with brown cigarette stains."

One of the most exciting discoveries of the survey was the fact that there are different standards of appearance for different jobs. For instance, it is generally assumed that bright red nail polish will immediately turn an employer against an otherwise desirable applicant—and this is true in many cases. But for a fashion job, the situation is different. One leading business executive, president of a fashion bureau, said: "I like the girls I hire to be dressed and groomed in the very latest fashion. That means the newest shade of lipstick and matching nail polish—and it can be fire-engine red, if that happens to be high style. After all, the women who work in the field of fashion are supposed to set an example for other women by following fashion's latest dictates."

So, you see, if you were interested in a fashion job your first step would be to pick up a current copy of a fashion magazine and study the trends of the season. If you've been wearing your hair in the same style for years and years, change it a little so that it looks newer. Indulge in a smart

Illustrated by SARI



new hat, and, without becoming a faddist, pick up one or two of the fashion tricks of the season—an amusing gadget for your lapel, a new type of hand-bag. You will want to impress your prospective employer with your interest in and feeling for fashion, and the best way to do so is by your own dress and appearance.

Let's assume you're interested in becoming a newspaper reporter. Your approach to this job would be entirely different. Listen to what a leading newspaper publisher has to say on this subject:

"I would expect any girl I hired for a job in the city room to look competent, and as though she were able to take care of herself in any situation. Fuss and furbelows have no place in a newspaper plant. Although women have made remarkable progress in journalism within the last twenty years, newspaper work is still considered a man's world—and women are

expected to conform to this masculine atmosphere. I think I'd sooner hire a girl in a sturdy tweed suit and sensible shoes than a girl in a flimsy-looking costume. This doesn't mean that she'd have to look mannish—no, just strong and capable and sensible."

The majority of girls just out of school begin their careers by becoming secretaries. This gives them opportunities to become acquainted with basic business procedure and is a fine stepping stone to an executive job. But don't think that the requirements for a secretarial position are any less rigid than for an advertising copywriter, or for a department store executive. Chief complaint among surveyed employers, regarding girls just out of high school or college who apply for secretarial jobs, is that they can't seem to leave their school mannerisms behind them. As one employer put it: "I want my secretary to look trim and efficient; her clothes should be smart and tailored, but so inconspicuous that they fade into the background. Some girls, who are recent graduates, think they're supposed to look like rah-rah college girls. Sweaters and skirts and bizarre-looking jewelry, and so forth. Not for

me! I want my office to look like an office and not a college campus. And I want my secretary to look like a secretary and not like a football cheer-leader."

That's how most of them seem to feel about it. And, furthermore, they object to bright colors in the office. Said the personnel manager of a national food company: "We like our secretaries to look quietly well dressed. I would never hire a girl who wore a bright green or red dress to an interview. These colors are too gay and festive for an office, and are, therefore, psychologically bad. Black, brown, or navy are good, suitable colors for a secretary to wear during office hours. And, of course, crisp white collars and cuffs are irresistible. They make a girl look bright, alert, and efficient."

The associate director of a leading war training institute added a few important points about appearance standards for war jobs. Said she: "In watching the type of girl who is selected by the personnel managers of war production plants, I notice that the girls who secure the positions first and are sometimes spotted before they even have finished training are those who have a neat, orderly (Continued on page 43)



IF YOU LOOK AND ACT LIKE A FUGITIVE FROM THE NEAREST CAMPUS, YOUR BOSS WILL NOT THINK YOU BELONG IN A BUSINESS OFFICE. SUITABLE DRESS IS PART OF YOUR JOB

Dilsey decides to entertain and learns a thing or two about the gentle art of cooking a dinner



Formal Party

YOO-HOO! Dilsey! Dill! Wait for me a second!" Groping for precarious footholds, Phyllis Merriam scaled the mound of frozen snow on the gutter side of the shovelled pavement and ran across the street. She was followed by her younger sister, Meg.

"Oh, Dill! Glad tidings! Somebody's coming to see us tomorrow! Guess who!"

"John Bacon," Dilsey Mercer guessed without hesitation.

"Why, Dill, you're psychic," Meg marveled. "How did you know?"

"I didn't. I just tried the best one first. What time's he coming?"

Phyl fumbled to improve the knot of her gay woolen scarf. "Early. Right after lunch. Of course we've asked him to dinner, and we want you to come, too."

"I'd love to," Dilsey cried, "but, girls, do you know what I'd like even better? I'd like you to bring Jock over to our house for dinner. He gave us that lovely dinner party—and you remember how I made a mistake in the date and went the night before? I stayed to dinner that night, too. Do bring him over to our house, girls."

Phyl turned to her sister. "What do you think, Meg? Shall we?"

"We'd have the whole place to ourselves," Dilsey went on. "Stan's away, and Mother's still in Tinkerton looking after Aunt Mattie. (Aunt Mattie's better, but she's pretty sick yet.) And, let me see, today's Friday, isn't it? Well, on Wednesday our maid, Selah, did the weirdest thing. Without saying a word to anybody she went down town and had all

her teeth pulled out. She didn't know it would make her sick, or she wouldn't have done it while Mother was gone. But it did—awfully—and she had to go home. So Daddy and I have been taking our dinners at the hotel—and I'm sure he won't mind doing it tomorrow night. Oh, girls, do say yes."

"But who'll do the cooking?" Phyl asked doubtfully.

"I will. Me. Your humble servant, Delia Mercer."

"Are you sure you can, Dill?"

"It's nothing to do a little cooking," Dilsey asserted confidently. "I've cooked breakfast for Daddy two mornings now, and he said everything was good. Maybe the coffee was a little muddy, but now I'm getting the upper hand of that."

"Well, of course, we'd love to come," Phyl assured her, and Meg added heartily, "It'll be a barrel of fun."

The three hurried on together, compelled by the insistent clang of the school bell.

"Dinner ought to be pretty elaborate," Dilsey murmured, as they went. "I don't think anything ordinary would do. Jock's house is so stylish." And as they separated in the school hall she whispered, "I want to make this dinner something extra, girls, something we'll all remember."

THAT evening the Merriams' phone rang. It was Dilsey. "What do you think, Phyl—we're going to have a turkey for dinner tomorrow, and I'm going to stuff it and roast it myself. Daddy's a sport. He's promised to take dinner down town, and he's told me to go as far as I like with the ordering.

We're going to have tomato cocktail first, and then raw oysters, and then cream of mushroom soup. Down at Doyle's they have grand canned soup—Mother sometimes uses it—and I can get the tomato cocktail there, too, and the cranberry sauce. And don't you think, for a change, that rice would be nice with turkey instead of potatoes? The cook-book says a lot about wild rice, but I'm afraid Mr. Doyle doesn't carry it, so I guess the regular kind'll have to do. And how about creamed onions? I won't bother with salad. Daddy says I may order pink roses for the table, and I'll have a dish of pink and white mints."

Completely out of breath, she choked a little before hurrying on. "For dessert, we'll have cream-puffs from Mrs. Poli's bakery down on Main Street, and we'll finish off with a demitasse. Doesn't that sound swell? I'll bet Jock Bacon never ate a better dinner than that in his own house."

"It sounds simply elegant," Phyl said. "We're going to take Jock skating in the afternoon, Dill. The ice on Stebbins's Pond is just right. Can you come with us, or will you be too busy?"

Dilsey considered. "I'd simply love to, but I think I'd better not. There's quite a lot of fuss about roasting a turkey, I imagine, and I want everything to roll off right. There's only one thing that bothers me, Phyl. We haven't anybody to wait on table, and at Jock's house they have a butler. Do you think that matters?"

"Not a bit," Phyl said. "Meg or I will change the plates, Dill. Then everybody won't be popping up all the time. Are you going to have Jock carve?"

"That's a grand idea!" Dilsey approved.

by
**MARY AVERY
GLEN**

THE FIRST ACT OF DILSEY'S DINNER PARTY DID NOT SEEM TO BE PROCEEDING ALTOGETHER ACCORDING TO HOYLE

SATURDAY afternoon was bright and frosty, flooded with sunshine. John Bacon appeared in good season, carrying his skates and a box of flowers for Aunt Marcia. Setting out without delay, the three were scarcely on the ice at Stebbins's Pond before they were joined by Sybil and Patsy Kenyon, and later by others of the town crowd who were already acquainted with Jock.

Skimming wide and free over the glittering ice-stretches, her ears tingling with the shouts and laughter of the other skaters, Phyl still managed to keep an eye on the time. And, as the sun sank below the roof of Stebbins's Mill, she shoosed her two companions relentlessly off the pond. For she and Meg wanted to go home and change their dresses before going to Dilsey's dinner.

Early twilight had closed in and there was a hint of stars when they set out for the Mercer house.

"I never was so ravenous," Meg (*Continued on page 30*)

Illustrated by
ROBB BEEBE





The Hunter

BY FRANCES FROST

All winter long the starry Hunter,
Orion, strides blue fields of night,
His Dog Star trotting at his side.
And when the gold East is alight
He hastens homeward down the West,
Stepping across our tree in his hurry.
He whistles his Dog Star into the hills
And gives him a glittering bone to bury!

Decoration by RICHARD BENNETT

MERRILY SHE RODE ALONG

PART TWO

By LENORA MATTINGLY WEBER

Em and Kip face the necessity of paying for Uncle Haze's illness. How, is the question

The Story So Far

Em Deneen and Kip O'Malley, brought up together at the Flying Crow Ranch by Em's Uncle Haze, had looked forward happily to going together to the State Agricultural College. But as they swung into their first year at "Aggies," the thing they hadn't counted on—the influence of new people on their own friendship—soon built up a barrier between them. Christopher Hart, a brilliant and popular student, gave Em a rush and she was flattered by it; Kip, also, was flattered by the adoring attentions of pretty, brainless Daphne Doolittle.

And then came a telephone call from Pinto Jones, the bowlegged cowboy back at the Flying Crow. Uncle Haze had been shot in the dark by an unknown assailant.

Em and Kip hurried home, a long, tiresome journey, and found Uncle Haze in bad shape. They decided to bring him back to their college town, where he could have good medical care—but the only available vehicle was the chuck wagon, and the only available power their own saddle horses, not broken to drive. Kip agreed to break Pal o' Mine and his own Bunker Bay, while Em went to the neighboring Slash T Ranch to borrow from the Lathrops a hammock for Uncle Haze's journey. She found "Maw" Lathrop in tears because her son, Windy—known to all the countryside as a braggart and a glutton—had left home after a disagreement with her.

IT WAS late Sunday night when a covered wagon with two spent and sagging horses stopped in front of the red brick hospital, and Em and Kip, one on each side of Uncle Haze, helped him up the steps. Inside, they lost no time calling Dr. Doolittle.

An hour later Kip and Em pushed open the hospital door and walked soberly down the steps toward the chuck wagon. Em said in a small voice, "I guess you heard the doctor say Uncle Haze had lost more blood than his heart could stand—he said it sounded like a leaky pump valve."

Kip nodded. Em had asked the doctor if a transfusion would help him, and Dr. Doolittle had replied, "Yes, but a little later when he's not so tired. I'll have both of you typed, in case I need to call on you."

Kip said, "Uncle Haze took it kind of hard—did you notice that?—when he asked the doctor if he'd be all right to go home in a couple of days and the doctor said, 'Make it a couple of weeks and you'll be nearer to it.'"

Em cried swiftly, "Uncle Haze mustn't worry about the money! I'll have to make him believe that I have more than I need to finish this year, and that he might just as well use it."

"But you haven't more money than you need, have you?"

"No, I've barely enough. It's funny, isn't it, Kip, about money? Mine seems to have slid away in so many ways I didn't count on."

"Don't I know it!" Kip agreed. "I'm in the same boat—just barely enough to squeak out these last two weeks with. My rooms have cost more than I figured on."

Kip had started the term batching in a basement apartment with two other boys. But one boy had enlisted, and relatives of the other had moved to town so he stayed with them. Kip had kept the apartment, hoping to find someone to share it.

He said now, "I know one way I can save some. I'll give up my rooms and live in this chuck wagon. And I'd like it. I was thinking



TAKING OFF HER HAT, MAW DEMANDED, "HAVE YOU FOUND THE SKUNK THAT SHOT HIM AND SNEAKED OFF IN THE DARK?"

ERIC NORRIS

about it while we were getting our blood typed. I've got enough grub ahead—canned stuff and almost a whole ham—to last me, and I can use my room money to help Uncle Haze out. Somehow we'll pull through."

Em's heart knew a great warmth. This was almost like old times—this standing together and sharing one common interest. The ride in had been one long round of ghastly coolness. A hundred times she had tried to say, "I'm sorry I jumped on you about Pal o' Mine. I could see when I unhitched him—that he hadn't been touched by a whip." But how could she say it when Kip sat aloof and unbending?

They rode off together in the covered wagon. Em wanted to help unharness and grain and rub down Pal o' Mine. Kip had decided to leave the wagon on the vacant lot next to the house where he had his basement apartment. They rode in tired, comradely silence.

Kip turned in on the weed-grown lot and stopped the horses. He muttered in surprise, "There's a light in my place. Wonder who's there?"

Em stared as she stood absently rubbing Pal o' Mine's forehead. Through the window of the room Kip used as a kitchen, she could see the silhouetted figure of a man sitting at the table. The silhouette was familiar—or rather the movement was familiar—that steady, consistent movement of the hand to the plate, then to the mouth, back again to the plate.

Kip, too, stood transfixed. Unconsciously he quoted Pinto Jones. "My grandmother's bustle! Windy Lathrop, or I'm a daffodil."

They stopped in the kitchen doorway, and looked about in consternation. The wastebasket was full to overflowing with empty cans and packages. A ham bone with only a few jagged bits clinging to it was on the end of the kitchen table. Windy, just finishing a plate of beans, eggs, and cheese, waved a fork at them. "Hi, cowpokes! I drifted in a little while after you left Friday evenin'. The lady upstairs said you'd gone out to see your uncle Haze. Said he'd been hurt a little. How is he?"

"He'll be all right after a couple of weeks at the hospital. We brought him in with us."

"You did, *hub*?" The news seemed only momentarily upsetting to Windy's appetite. "Shucks, two weeks' rest is probably what he needed all the time. Change is always stimulin' for a fellow. Yeh, that little bullet scratch might have been a blessin' in disguise."

"Might have," Kip conceded grimly, looking at his empty shelves, "but how, I don't know. Gosh, if I'd only been here when you drifted in!"

"Now don't you feel bad about that," Windy said generously. "I ain't the kind of guy that can't make himself to home."

"We noticed that," Em said.

"Though I admit," went on Windy, "I did have one rascal of a time figurin' out that fancy can-opener of yours."

"But you conquered," Kip murmured softly. He walked over to his cupboard which was as bare as the one Mother Hubbard opened. Reaching for a

lone package of gelatin, he handled it fondly. "How did this ever escape you?"

Windy said, "It's lemon. And I never was partial to lemon, unless it had an awful lot of bananas in it."

"I'm giving up my rooms to-night, Windy, and moving out into the wagon," Kip told his visitor. "You've saved me the trouble of packing anything except my clothes and books."

"Goin' to live in the wagon, *hub*? Well, just as soon as I polish off this little snack, I'll be out and show you how to fix up the bed rolls."

"If you start early in the morning, Windy," Em suggested, "you ought to get home the same night. Well, by morning, anyhow."

Windy told her loftily, "I'm not going home. I've shook the dust of that country off my feet. I'm headin' for Hollywood."

"You'll find it a long ride on your buckskin."

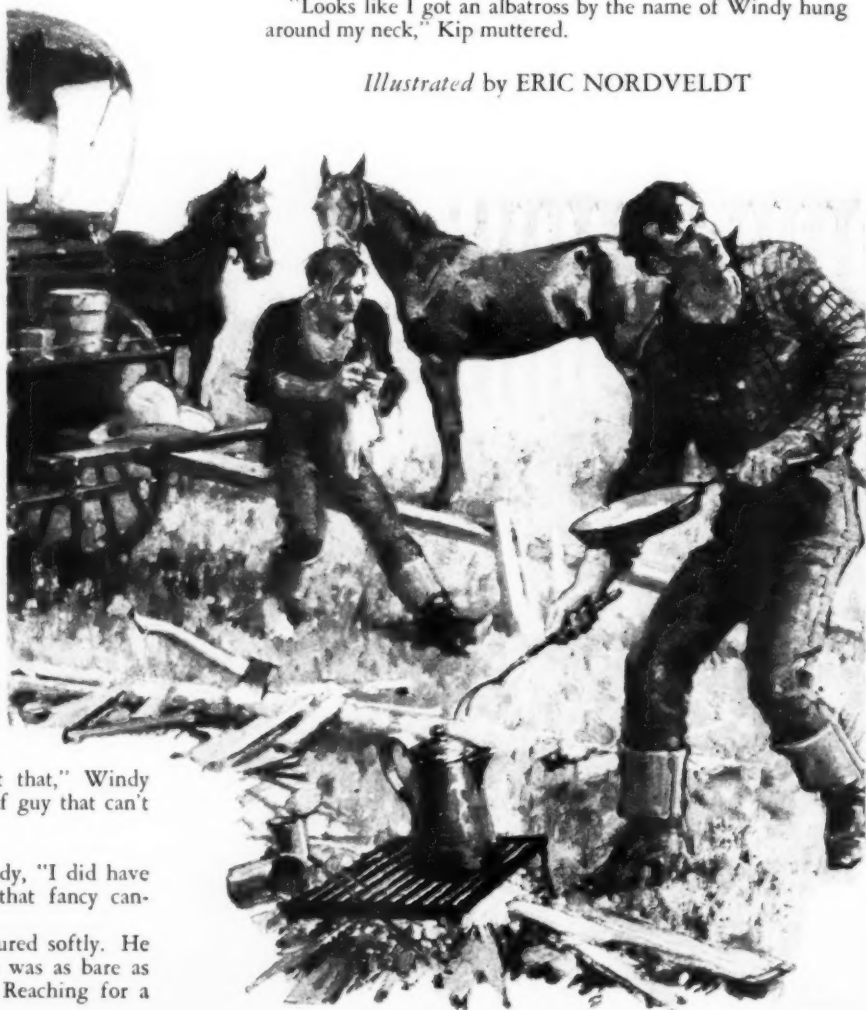
"I figure on takin' one of them new streamline trains. I figure to sell my buckskin, soon as I find someone that appreciates real horseflesh. Yep, Hollywood is callin'. Do you know how much Gene Autry makes? And what's he got that I aint got? Say, I got a lot he aint got, up my sleeve."

Kip, still mourning his two-weeks' supply of food, muttered, "Yeh, and under your belt!"

Back at the covered wagon and the horses, Em giggled, "That was a mean trick, Kip, you having lemon gelatin when Windy doesn't like lemon."

"Looks like I got an albatross by the name of Windy hung around my neck," Kip muttered.

Illustrated by ERIC NORDVELDT



"I'll send Maw Lathrop word he's here," Em said. "She's worried for fear he's wandering around homeless and hungry. Wouldn't surprise me any if she came right up to march him home."

"Then, for humanity's sake, send her word right away, Em!"

All this—the sound of the horses munching grain, the creak and sway of the wagon as Kip put away the harness, the smell of trampled weeds—was like the old days before Kip had become enamored of Daphne Doolittle; before Em herself had been swept off her feet in the flattered excitement of Christopher Hart's attentions.

"Look at Pal, the old proud piece," she chuckled, "all high-headed strut now he's out of harness."

A car's brakes squealed and Daphne came running toward them. "Kip! Why, Kip O'Malley! My parent just came home and said you were back—that you brought your uncle, or whoever was shot, back in a covered wagon. You do the most picturesque things—why, this is positively fictional! Oh, hello, Em!"

"Hi, Daphne," Em answered, and then for want of something to say, "How did your dance go Friday night?"

"Positively droopy—but then I was all moody and melancholy without Kip there. Well, there's something so stimulating about Kip, so intense—and have I felt like a college widow these last two days!"

She turned then and spied Pal o' Mine. The moonlight showed his glinting sorrel coat, the silver sheen of his mane and tail, the capricious touching of white splashed across his face and on his feet. She gave a squeal of joy. "Oh, isn't she positively gorgeous!"

"He," corrected Em. "He's a registered Palomino sorrel."

Daphne clasped her hands together, "Guess what! Mother said I could have a horse, because Father said it would be good for me to get out in the open more. And I've looked at horses, but I haven't seen one that I just positively vibrate to, like I do to her. I'm going to buy her."

"Him," Em corrected again and tried to swallow her seething anger. Why, it was almost like a mother being blandly informed that someone intended buying her child. "Pal o' Mine is not for sale," she said stiffly.

"Kip, please," Daphne pleaded, "can't I buy her—or it, whichever it is—if I want to? Because I

think green—green jodhpurs and vest—would be so positively stunning on a horse so sort of reddish, and with my coloring—and Father says I ought to ride because the jolting is stimulating to the whole organic system."

Em said, "Just try riding *her*! I'm sure your whole organic system would be stimulated."

"Skip it, Em," Kip said swiftly. He knew that the jolts Daphne would get from Pal o' Mine would be more than stimulating. For Pal o' Mine was a one-person horse, and that person was Em. "If you want to send word out to Maw Lathrop to-night, Em, you'd better send it."

Which, Em realized resentfully, was just one way of saying, "Be on your way, Em, and let me listen to Daphne's sweet cooing alone."

That very night, late as it was, she telephoned to Gregory's store and asked old Mr. Gregory to get word to Maw Lathrop that her son, Windy, was with Kip O'Malley.

MONDAY, after classes, Em hurried to the hospital to see Uncle Haze. He seemed fidgety and harassed, lying there on his hospital bed, and he had the stub of a pencil in his hand with which he was figuring on the margin of the daily paper.

"Uncle Haze," Em reproached him, "you ought to be resting."

"I can't rest, worryin' about how much it costs every day I stay here. Wonderin' where the dinero is comin' from. I don't reckon hospitals and doctors are gamblers enough to wait for our fall marketin'."

"They don't have to. Kip and I have more money than we need to finish out our school year. We'll pay for it. We're plenty gamblers enough to wait for the fall market."

Uncle Haze searched her face. "Now, Em, you sure of that? I'd feel like a low-lifed skunk lally-gaggin' here in bed, if I thought it was workin' a hardship on you kids."

"Well, you needn't worry," Em assured him. "The pleasure is all ours. Now get your beauty sleep."

Some of the anxiety seemed to smooth out of his tanned face. "All right, Em, I'll settle down and work hard at gettin' down my blood pressure and heart. Haven't any more strength than a skim-milk calf."

"Work hard at it—because we're all going back together in less than two weeks," she said from the doorway.

But outside Uncle Haze's hospital room, Em's great assurance slid from her. She met Kip coming in the big door as she was going out. They stood for a few minutes talking in conspiracy. "Somehow we've got to take care of this without letting on to him," Kip agreed.

Em said heavily, "Of course I could sell Pal o' Mine. After all, a horse is just a horse."

"Unless he's Pal o' Mine," Kip put in. "No, put that idea out of your head. I was talking to the fellow over at Military; he was telling me they need good fast-stepping horses."

"You needn't think you'll sell Bunker Bay, either, Kip O'Malley," Em said firmly. "We'll find some other way."

But how? Boning for finals, Em found herself doing mental arithmetic instead. Twelve days at the hospital, plus laboratory charges, plus Dr. Doolittle's charge! And always running through her thoughts, like the twinge of a nerve pain, was the thought of selling Pal o' Mine.

That was on Monday. On Tuesday afternoon, she dropped down on one of the benches close to the library. Two women were sitting on the bench opposite her. They, too, had their troubles, it seemed, for they were most vocal about them. Em, listening absently, realized that they were in charge of the program for some womans' club convention being held here in the college town.

The stouter and more voluble of the two held a letter in her hand. The letter, from the way she gestured with it, had brought about their consternation and worry. The woman said, "Last year when I persuaded (Continued on page 46)



EM, FLUSHED AND OUT OF BREATH,
CAME HURRYING UP TO FIND KIP
BUSY FRYING EGGS IN A SKILLET



LEFT: PUT A GIRL SCOUT OUT IN THE SNOW AND A NATURALLY GOOD APPETITE TURNS INTO HUNGER THAT WOULD MAKE A HOT DOG A MERE APPETIZER

RIGHT: A GIRL SCOUT PLUS SNOW, PLUS SKIS—RESULT, SOME OF THE MOST EXHILARATING FUN AND EXERCISE IN THE WORLD. TAKE A FRIEND ALONG AND GIVE IT A TRIAL



SNOW'S A LARK

BELOW: IN THE BETTY PARKER CABIN, WESTCHESTER COUNTY, NEW YORK, GIRL SCOUTS RELAX AND REVIEW AN AFTERNOON'S SKIING ON WESTCHESTER HILLS



ABOVE: THIS SNOW SCULPTRESS IS A FIRM BELIEVER IN GIRL SCOUTING—SHE HAS DECIDED HER SNOWLADY SHOULD WEAR UNIFORM

to





BELOW: THIS GIRL SCOUT IS RUNNING HER OWN "FEED THE BIRDS" CAMPAIGN BY KEEPING HER BIRD FEEDING STATION CLEAN AND WELL PROVISIONED



ABOVE: HIKING IN THE WINTER WOODS DOESN'T BAFFLE THESE GIRL SCOUTS—THEY'VE FOUND A LANDMARK TO GUIDE THEM HOME

the

GIRL SCOUTS



LEFT: TENDING THE FIRE IS MORE LIKE PLAY THAN WORK WHEN THERE IS SNOW—THAT IS, IF YOU ARE A SCOUT AND KNOW HOW IT IS DONE

RIGHT: BRINGING THE SOUP TO A BOIL IS MIGHTY IMPORTANT TO THESE OUTDOOR COOKS WHO HAVE A HUNGRY TROOP OF SCOUTS TO FEED



All photographs by Paul Parker



KEEN EYESIGHT IS REQUIRED FOR MOST OF THE JOBS AMERICANS ARE DOING TODAY—WING SCOUTS ARE NO EXCEPTION

GIRL SCOUTS

Propeller oiled, motors running, the Wing Scout program for air-interested Girl Scouts is under way

Photographs by Paul Parker

DO YOU know what a stabilizer is? Would you recognize nacelles if you saw them? Are airplanes merely dark blobs in the sky, or can you tell the difference between bombers, fighters, and the various types of commercial aircraft? Have you ever considered the traffic laws of the skies, or wondered how airports acquired such accurate weather information? Above all, did you realize that there are hundreds of opportunities in aviation and the aircraft industries for careers for women?

Any girl who is interested in aviation will find the answers to these and dozens of other questions in the new Wing Scout pre-flight program for Senior Girl Scouts. This is an entirely new branch of Girl Scouting, launched early this fall and already growing rapidly throughout the country, since girls, as well as boys, are air-minded these days, and they, too, want to try their wings. Nearly every day we hear of another Wing Scout "Flight" being set in motion.

A "Flight" is what a Wing Scout troop is called. The leader is a "Flight" leader, and a whole group of "Flights" operate under a "Squadron Leader." The Wing Scouts themselves may be Cadets, Workers, Builders, or Flyers—depending upon which phase of the program they plan to emphasize.

Wing Scout Cadets are affiliated with the Junior Air Reserve of the National Aeronautic Association. They learn basic aviation principles through the building of model planes, learn something about airplane identification, build some of the solid model planes needed by the Army and Navy for training, and explore the possibilities of doing volunteer work for the Interceptor Command.

Wing Scout Workers are concerned with jobs and careers in aviation. They, too, learn the difference between the various types of planes but, in addition, they go in for charting the major airlines and airports, and learning the Civil Air Regulations concerning priorities, trafficking, and so on. Nutrition and baby-tending in the skies are parts of

A MESSAGE TO THE GIRL SCOUTS from CAPTAIN EDWARD RICKENBACKER

There is an urgent need for a new type of girl to work in aviation today. She must have strictly technical training in order to hold several key positions in air line operation and in aircraft manufacturing.

This means she must fill specialized positions in order that men may be released for combat service.

Girl Scouts are particularly well qualified for training in aviation. A Girl Scout is loyal. She obeys orders. Her honor is to be trusted. She is cheerful. She is studious. She is clean in thought, word, and deed. These fundamentals, inculcated into the minds and hearts of every Girl Scout, make her worthy of the great industry of which she will become a part. Her opportunities are unlimited and her horizon will be limited only by her effort and ability.

Therefore, when a Senior Girl Scout is chosen and privileged to become a member of the new "Wing Scouts," she will be able to do her part in helping the Allies win this war.

(signed) Edward Rickenbacker
President and General Manager
Eastern Air Lines

their program, which includes the planning and serving of a well balanced meal of pre-cooked food in close quarters—in other words, in the area usually provided for the air hostess's culinary activities. And for the community service aspect of their program they have cooperation with the Civil Air Patrol.

The Wing Scout Builders tend toward the technical side of aviation, learning the forces that affect a plane in flight—such as drag, lift and thrust gravity, making a gas model plane, or building accurately to scale one major part of a plane, learning simple radio repairs and replacements, and making a model parachute.

Wing Scout Flyers learn about plane construction, commercial flying, airplane controls, and piloting. Even though they stay on the ground, their training will stand them in good stead when they enter the aviation field proper. Flyers will learn the meaning and use of standard aviation instruments, traffic laws and signals, weather forecasting, radio code, principles of navigation, and so on.

Of course all of the various phases of the Wing Scout program include many more activities than those here mentioned. And, too, if a girl becomes a Flyer, it doesn't mean that she can't be a Builder, or a Worker, also. Nearly all Wing Scouts begin as Cadets and then take on two or more of the other branches of the program, either in progression or simultaneously.

There are all sorts of exciting sidelines to Wing Scouting. Parties with aviation themes can be planned by a "Flight," speakers from active aviation groups can be scheduled for lectures (your male relatives might enjoy this), and trips can be planned to view model planes, airports, and even, perhaps, parts of aircraft factories. The possibilities in Wing Scouting are endless.

ABOVE: A LETTER FROM CAPTAIN EDWARD RICKENBACKER—WRITTEN BEFORE HE UNDERTOOK THE MISSION WHICH NEARLY RESULTED IN HIS DEATH

RIGHT: THE PRINCIPLES OF PLANE CONSTRUCTION ARE LEARNED BY MAKING AND STUDYING THE MODELS ONCE ONLY INTERESTING TO SMALL BOYS



TAKE FLIGHT

By GERTRUDE SIMPSON, *Girl Scout National Staff*

To be a Wing Scout, a girl must be nationally registered as a Senior Girl Scout. She must be of high school age and have the written consent of her parents, or guardian, to take part in the Wing Scout program. Her health must be good, as indicated by a recent health examination by a licensed doctor of medicine, and she must take a Red Cross First Aid course during her first year as a Wing Scout, unless she already holds a recently acquired Red Cross First Aid Certificate. In planning her school curriculum, the Wing Scout should take, where possible, one subject related to aviation, such as flight principles in the physics lab, lighter-than-air gases in the chemistry course, problems of meteorology in general science, navigation in mathematics, history of aviation, or some of the sociological implications of aviation as related to geography or the social sciences.

This may sound very strict, but it is only a taste of what is expected of people who make aviation either a vocation or an avocation. After all, it wouldn't be any fun if it were all make-believe! Wing Scouting is the real thing.

The war is making us all air-conscious in a way we have never been before. Women are already doing important work in the field of aviation, and their opportunities are increasing almost daily. Before the Wing Scout program was formulated, airlines and aircraft companies were asked to analyze the number of women they employ and the various types of work they are doing. Their reports showed that more than twenty-five percent of their employees are women and that they are doing more than a hundred different types of jobs!

Even before Wing Scouting became an official part of the Girl Scout program, there were a few Girl Scout troops, scattered about the country, who were devoting themselves

to aviation projects, and some of these girls found that their training opened doors for jobs in aircraft plants!

Not so very many years ago, when automobiles first came into general use, most women and girls left them strictly alone. Fathers and brothers drove, or did the tinkering; the ladies of the family merely rode along—and clutched their hats in the breeze. But gradually women began to take over, until today the family chauffeur is almost invariably Mrs. or Miss! Women are doing important work in the automobile industry and performing valiant service as drivers for the Red Cross and other organizations. They take courses in motor mechanics—grease and all—and emerge with more than a working knowledge of what makes a car go. Shades of 1915!

This story is not going to be paralleled in aviation, for women have already established themselves as sane, competent people



WING SCOUTS LEARN ABOUT AIRPLANE IDENTIFICATION AND STUDY THE OPPORTUNITIES FOR GIRL VOLUNTEER WORKERS IN CONNECTION WITH THE INTERCEPTOR COMMAND

capable of manipulating machines. From almost the beginning, women have been accepted in aviation and the war has opened more and more doors to them. Today, with air supremacy a "must" for the United States and man-power at a premium, opportunities for women in aviation grow daily. The sky, literally, is the limit!

So, if you are air-minded, and have wondered, vaguely, if there were any way in which you could get a toe-hold in the fascinating world of airplanes, Wing Scouting may be the answer to your problem.

As eighteen is the minimum age for employment of women in most aircraft industries (some place it at twenty-one), you Girl Scouts will have time to look around and familiarize yourself with your chosen field before taking flight. A full Wing Scout program extends over a period of two years and covers many of the ground prerequisites to prepare you for the day when you start off on your career in aviation. Happy landing to each and every one of you!



WING SCOUTS DON'T ACTUALLY FLY, BUT THEY LEARN A GOOD DEAL ABOUT BASIC AVIATION PRINCIPLES AND CIVIL AIR REGULATIONS AS THEY STUDY



AT THE DOBBS FERRY, NEW YORK SEAPLANE BASE, WING SCOUTS STUDY THE INTRICATE CONTROLS OF A PLANE GUIDED BY THEIR SENIOR SCOUT LEADER



THE WING SCOUT INSIGNE DISPLAYS WHITE WINGS, AND A RED TREFOIL WITH A SENIOR SERVICE PIN IN THE CENTER

If you are interested in becoming a Wing Scout and want some information about joining, write to Miss Alliene Harder, Program Adviser, Program Division, Girl Scouts Inc., 155 East Forty-fourth Street, New York City. Be sure to state if you are now a member of a Girl Scout troop, and remember to give your age.

FORMAL PARTY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

declared. "Dilsey's going to have a turkey, Jock. How's that for news?"

Jock laughed. He was walking a pace behind the girls and they shrieked as he sent a well directed snowball whizzing between their heads to plaster itself on a tree trunk farther down the block. "I could manage a drumstick," he admitted.

On a less formal occasion, Phyl would simply have opened the Mercer front door and whistled. But today, as the three stood together on the porch, she rang the bell. There was a sound of violent pounding somewhere inside the house, but no one answered the summons.

"Well, we know somebody's home, anyway," Jock grinned.

Phyl pushed open the door which, country fashion, was almost always on the latch. "Dill," she cried, "we're here! Where are you?"

The noise went on. It seemed to come from the kitchen. The three went through the lighted hall and into the dining room where Dilsey's irreproachable table stood, its spotless damask gleaming, its centerpiece of pink roses nodding above Mrs. Mercer's delicate wedding china.

"Dill!" Phyl cried again.

Still getting no reply, she opened the kitchen door, disclosing a sight which caused her, and Meg behind her, to catch their breath. For the first act of Dilsey's dinner party did not seem to be proceeding strictly according to Hoyle. Numerous pots and kettles of various sizes stood on the table and in the sink, and even on the kitchen chairs. An appetizing smell of roasting turkey was issuing from the oven, it is true, and the air was redolent of boiling onions, but in a corner beside the gas range were huddled a dishpan and three or four other large receptacles heaped to overflowing with something white and flaky. And in the middle of the floor, her cheeks flaming, was Dilsey, furiously hammering a brown burlap bag with a wooden potato masher.

At the sound of the opening door, she raised her head and shook back her tumbled hair. She made no effort to greet her guests, but cried accusingly, "It's these nasty oysters! I can't get the shells off them."

"Oh, Dill!" Phyl cried sympathetically, "What a shame!"

Jock strode forward and took the potato masher from Dilsey's upraised hand. "Don't do that, Dill. You'll pound them to a pulp. I'll open them. Stupid fellows, to send them in their shells." He fumbled for his knife and pulled up the stoutest blade.

"I guess it's me that's stupid," Dilsey wailed, while John cleared a place at the sink to give himself elbow-room. "I didn't tell the man at the fish market to open them. I just said 'oysters'."

"They'll be all right," Phyl encouraged. "Your table looks lovely, Dill, and I can't wait to get my teeth into that turkey. It smells wonderful."

Meg trotted to the pantry and took down a large apron of Selah's from a hook behind the door. "Put this on, Jock," she said, returning. "That juice is going to dribble all over your suit."

From his superior height Jock looked down at her, wrinkling his nose in protest. "I don't

want that, Meg." But the oysters were a messy job and, under pressure, he allowed Meg to slip the neckpiece over his head and tie the strings in the back.

"Shall I open the soup and heat it?" Phyl asked. And at Dilsey's grateful nod, she added, "It's a lot more fun this way. Getting dinner together, I mean."

"The tomato cocktail's all fixed," Meg reported after a survey of the icebox. "That'll be three courses ready. Cheerio, Dill! Everything's under control."

Dilsey, brightening, opened the oven door, releasing a concentrated aroma. "Phyl, do you think the turk's done? He's been in over three hours."

The king of birds did indeed look delicious, brown and crackling though a bit odd in figure, like a holster case too full of holster. "I guess I put in too much stuffing," Dilsey worried. "But it'll taste good, if the turk is only done."

Knife in hand, Jock came over to render his judgment. Raising a wing with a fork he cut into the meat beneath it. "Done all right!" he said.

"Hooray," Meg cried. "Now we can dish up. I'm practically dead of starvation. Don't let's say a word till we get the first layer in."

Dilsey, her old wide smile returning, made giblet gravy while Jock sharpened the carving knife and Phyl stirred the white sauce for the onions.

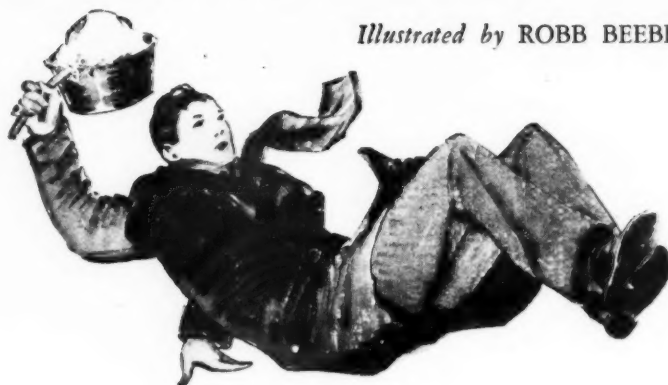
"Dill," Meg ventured a little hesitantly, as she carried the glasses of tomato juice into the dining room, "what's all that stuff in the dishpan and the kettles? Is it rice? Why did you cook so much?"

"I didn't cook much," Dilsey said, the worried frown returning to her brow as she glanced over her shoulder at the overflowing receptacles. "I only cooked two pounds—and it did that!"

EVEN Dilsey was obliged to admit that her dinner party was a great success. John Bacon, she thought, had never been more entertaining. All of them had laughed hilariously and Meg, who had done full justice to the turkey, had declared, when her napkin slid to the floor, that she'd eaten so much she absolutely couldn't bend to pick it up.

Formality, Dilsey reflected, was all right, of course, but it didn't seem to be a great deal of fun. And at her party, while it certainly couldn't be called formal, they had had fun.

Illustrated by ROBB BEEBE



JOCK, BRINGING UP THE REAR, TROD ON A SHEET OF ICE AND HIS FEET FLEW OUT FROM UNDER HIM HE LANDED ON HIS BACK BUT, HOLDING THE PAN ALOFT, HE KEPT THE CHICKEN'S DINNER INTACT

After the feast the fun still went on, for the guests insisted on helping wash the dishes. Dilsey officiated at the kitchen sink, brandishing a dish mop over a pan of soapy water, while her three helpers dried and put away the piles of china and silver, and pots and pans.

"How I wish we could get rid of that rice!" she exclaimed, with a glance at the overflowing pans in the corner of the kitchen. "We can never eat it up, and I hate to have Daddy see it. He'll think I'm wasteful—and that's terrible in wartime."

"We might give it to the chickens!" The inspired suggestion was Meg's. "Then it wouldn't be wasted."

"Grand!" Dilsey cried. "And what a break for the hens!"

After the dish towels had been hung up, they crept cautiously down the icy steps of the kitchen porch and out under the stars to the chicken-house, each one carrying a pot of rice. Wearing an old overcoat of her brother's, out at the elbows, Dilsey led the way with her flashlight. She was followed by the others, muffled in what odds and ends of discarded wraps were hanging on the hooks in the back entry. Jock, bringing up the rear, trod on a sheet of ice and his feet flew out from under him. He landed on his back but, holding the dishpan of rice aloft, he managed in some miraculous way to keep its contents intact. They all laughed at that until the frosty air rang.

Inside the chicken-house, it was dim and shadowy and there was a sense of warmth,—almost what one might call comfort—as they piled the mound of rice on the feeding-board. Melting into the darkness of the rafters overhead, silent and motionless on the higher stretches of the roost, sat rows of dusty, bundled forms, buff and rust-colored and speckled.

"Crauk-k-k!" Dilsey cried impishly, and turned her flashlight upward to sweep the roosting hens.

A sudden disquiet huddled along the rows. One fowl let down a nervous leg, and at the end of the roost a dangling red comb appeared and a glassy yellow eye glared skittishly at the light.

Jock, taking pity on the drowsy birds, came to their rescue. "Don't let's wake 'em up, Dill," he said. "Let's surprise 'em. When they get around, tomorrow morning, those chickens are going to think it's Christmas."

MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

her mother and her brother and sister, and there she set up shop. Her first photographic studio was in a tiny apartment. Like many another beginner at photography before and since, she made her kitchen into a darkroom, her dinette into an enlarging room, and stood her trays in the sink where she washed her dishes as well as her prints, and her chemicals on the shelves along with her coffee can and cereal boxes. Her office and studio was the front living-room-bedroom. She then went doggedly from architect's office to architect's office, displaying her wares and waiting for "the big chance." Meanwhile, like all beginners whose pluck is equal to their abilities, she made pictures of dogs and children and homes for anyone who would give her an order. And whenever she saw a good dramatic picture, she snatched the opportunity to show what she could make of it.

Once, walking through a square in downtown Cleveland, she saw a Negro preacher on his soap box exhorting the air—and a flock of hopeful pigeons about his feet. It was a picture, but she had no camera. A glance across the way showed her a camera sign, and begging the old Negro to wait, she rushed into the shop, borrowed a camera and bought film to load it, dashed out and into a drugstore for a packet of peanuts. Then back to the square she flew, where the old man, true to his word, was still preaching to his bobbing flock of birds.

Margaret scattered enough peanuts to keep the pigeons from flying away, and set up her camera, now on this side, now on that, to be sure of getting a good shot that told the story. A crowd began to gather before she was done, so that when he passed the hat, the old preacher was well repaid for his patience. As for Margaret, she had a picture she called "De Prodigal Son Returned," and it was accepted for every pictorial salon in which she entered it. The picture began making a name for her among discriminating critics of photography.

Such pictures, however, do not pay rent, or keep the wolf from howling outside the studio door. Margaret says, however, that in those months luck was always on her side. If she had a bill of eight dollars that she had to pay on a certain day, the chances were that she would earn ten dollars before the day was over. And then the opportunity she had been waiting for came. An architect gave her a job.

He wanted a picture of a school building he had designed. The newly completed structure stood in a barren spot in a subdivision outside of town. As she walked about it, wherever she stepped the mud squished over her shoe tops. Not one blade of grass, not a tree relieved the surrounding emptiness. Piles of unused lumber blocked the view from this side; rubble and sand dug from the foundations blocked the view from that. She did not let herself be discouraged, however, but waited for sunset, hoping the slanting rays would give a pleasing pattern across the building's face and relieve the barrenness. And then, when sunset time came, a lumber pile stood in the way of the best angle. Margaret decided that only at sunrise could she get what she wanted. Up and out at five the next morning, she stopped long enough on the way to gather a bunch of

asters from the roadside. She stuck them in the ground in front of her camera, and then, shooting across their tops, she took a picture of the schoolhouse beyond. It gave the illusion of beauty to the foreground, and the building was so enhanced that when the architect saw the print, he was delighted—not only with his own creation, but with the young photographer's ingenuity. He began recommending her work to other architects, and soon Margaret was given the job of taking a series of views of the newly completed Terminal Tower in downtown Cleveland.

Nowadays, in every architectural journal and every photographic magazine, are printed angle shots of buildings taken from nearby roofs, or fire escapes, or from the pavement below, and one forgets how short a time ago such pictures were as rare as radium. When Margaret Bourke-White set out to take her series of the Terminal Tower, she found it impossible to convince traffic policemen that she wasn't being stubborn and wilful in choosing the middle of the street for an angle shot, and she could not persuade the watchmen of nearby buildings to let her lean from the windows of unoccupied offices to get the point of view she wanted. She was literally forced onto the flats, she says, to get her pictures.

Where the sluggish Cuyahoga River flows past Cleveland's door, Margaret set up her tripod in the muck of the flats, all the while studying the Terminal Tower to get the feeling of its essential qualities. Just as she was ready to take the picture, an ancient scow, empty now but worn and bulging from its freights of steel rails and pig iron and coal and lumber, came floating by. Its owners, two men as ancient and weatherbeaten as their scow, paused to see what this slip of a girl was doing down there on the flats.

Margaret knew at once how she wanted to take her pictures. She was always one to turn the nearest person into an assistant photographer, and she immediately persuaded the two old men to pose their boat and themselves between her and the Tower. Into her pictures she got the contrasts of horizontal and vertical lines that make a composition "dynamic," and she captured the significant contrast of old versus new—the lift and soaring height of the Tower against the floating scow and the bowed figures of the two old men. She was never to know who they were, but she was always grateful to them for their patience and help; for it was through making these pictures that she caught a glimpse of the industrial world and its workers, a glimpse that started her along the path which was soon to make her and her work famous.

Down there on the river flats sprawls the Otis Steel Works. Underneath its chimneys, spouting smoke and flame, and within those slabsided buildings and bellying furnaces is the mystery and wonder of steel-making. Margaret grew eager to make pictures of the mills from the inside. The guards kept her from passing the gates, and she was not satisfied with the shots she could get from distant heaps of slag and the flats beyond.

The architect, however, for whom she had made the pictures of the Terminal Tower was so delighted with the effectiveness of her studies that he wanted to know how he could show his appreciation. She asked him if he was acquainted with the president of the Otis Steel Works. Yes, he was. Would



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NEW CLOTHES FROM OLD

*Once you get started,
smart ideas for "make-
overs" will come to you*

By ELIZABETH ANTHONY



AT a time when all scrap is valuable, no fabrics should be wasted. Most of us have at least one outmoded article of clothing which is unwearable in its present form, but has been stored away because the fabric is still as good as new. Such clothes may be helpful in stretching Victory wardrobes.

Of course it is more difficult to restyle than to start out with a fresh, inspiring length of material, and a pattern chosen for no other reason than that you liked its picture in the catalog. But if you can make some of your clothing out of materials on hand, you are really doing something to help prevent that ogre, Inflation, from undermining our standard of living. That would mean higher prices for poorer quality.

Sometimes it is difficult to see any possibilities for making over an unusually old-style garment into anything wearable. But after a little practice, you will begin to see old clothes in terms of new lines and color combinations and trimmings. For instance, notice the uninspiring jacket pictured here. It was difficult to remember how long it had been stuffed away in a trunk. It was so wrinkled that, at first glance, it looked as if the only service it could perform was as reused wool. But it is a fine quality pure wool, with no signs of wear—the only trouble with it was that it was outmoded. With a good pressing it appeared as pictured—and it had numerous possibilities. If it hadn't been too tight across the shoulders, it could have been made into a new-looking cardigan jacket, with changes necessary only at the neckline and front edge, and a clever job of refitting. But since the uncomfortably tight sleeves had to be contended with, it was decided to restyle the jacket into a vest to wear with skirts, shirts, and sweaters.

The girl who made this clever vest reasoned that if the job was worth doing at all, it was worth doing well. That meant carefully ripping all the seams by loosening the stitching with tiny scissors, or a razor blade, and then pulling the thread first on one side of the seam and then on the other. This method of ripping may take a little longer, but it prevents any accidental cutting of the fabric and leaves no tiny thread ends to pull out later.



THIS OLD JACKET
WAS TURNED INTO
THE JERKIN ABOVE

Then the garment was cleaned. Afterward she pressed each piece carefully, using a damp cloth over the fabric to take out all creases and stitching marks. It is necessary to have things fresh and clean before starting to restyle them.

Next, she pored over pattern books to find a pattern which would fit the pieces which she had. The sketch of the pattern which was selected showed contrasting binding, and that gave her an idea. She had made a blue dress several years before and had saved the scraps. Why not use these scraps to cut the binding and have a vest that would make a new outfit when worn with her blue plaid dress?

From then on it was an easy story. It was just as if she had purchased the necessary yardage for the vest. She cut and made it by simply following the step-by-step directions that were included with the patterns. The

resulting vest, pictured with the skirt, certainly doesn't look as if it had had its beginning in an old jacket. (It could have been made, also, from a discarded dress which buttoned down the front.)

This is only an example of dozens of possibilities. Dresses which are worn out under the arms can be made into jumpers, or jerkins. Full, contrasting skirts added to old dresses with narrow skirts make new dirndl dresses. Bias bands of plaid can lengthen an outgrown dress and be new-looking, especially if you repeat the plaid in binding around the neck and sleeves. Brother's outgrown suits have wonderful possibilities for making that tailored suit you can't get along without. Put a knitted back (made from an unravelled sweater) into the vest and wear it practically "as is" with your slacks.

When you get started on this restyling program, you'll think of many more ideas. Before long we may be making and buying our new clothes with an eye to their possibilities in that line! With practice now—at the same time helping to conserve—you will be prepared.

Sometimes it is difficult to understand why there is so much talk about making over one's old clothes. It is desirable because, by conserving materials now, we shall have more reserves to fall back on when less goods can be allotted for consumer use.

he give her a note of introduction? Yes, again, he would be glad to. And so, armed with her note of introduction, Margaret set out to call on Mr. E. J. Kulas, who was the president of the Otis Steel Company. She was slender and young, and her hair, a soft brown, was cut in the boyish windblown bob of the period. She was impulsive and quick, but her dark blue eyes were intense and sincere, and her mouth and chin, though feminine, were firm. She knew what she wanted, and that was permission to photograph the steel mill from the inside.

Mr. Kulas told her that the last time a woman had been permitted to watch the casting of the metal in the open hearth furnace room, she had fainted from the heat and excitement, and he had given orders that no woman was ever to be permitted inside again.

Margaret was not to be put off. She talked and talked. At last Mr. Kulas gave in and she had her permission. He left a few days later for Europe and for the next five months he forgot the girl photographer. But Margaret did not forget. She immediately set to work to make the steel men her photographic assistants, while she caught with her camera the mystery and the beauty of steel-making as she felt it in her heart, imagined it in her mind, and saw it before her eyes. She made the men gasp and tremble as she clambered up and down the iron stairways, and out on balconies, and up into the seats beside the drivers of the cranes that move the great ladles and tip up their cauldrons while the fiery streams of molten steel spill out upon the floor. When it came time for that most tense moment of the day, when the metal is molten to the exact degree of temperature and pours from the huge ladle in liquid fire, the steel men set up screens to guard her camera and keep its lens from cracking and its sides from blistering in the heat; and hands were held out to steady her and to catch her if she should faint. But she did not faint. Instead she caught a marvelously beautiful shot of the metal lighting itself in its pouring, and the great furnace room and the ingot bars forming in the slow crawl of the metal across the floor.

When Mr. Kulas returned from Europe, he recalled the young photographer and asked if she had been back. The replies of his foremen made him curious, and he immediately telephoned Margaret to bring the results of her picture-taking for him to see. She had almost a thousand negatives, no small investment for a girl just beginning her career, but she sorted out what she considered the twelve best and discarded all the others, with the sure instinct of the artist who creates prodigiously but has courage to cull from that abundance the work that meets his own high standard of excellence.

Margaret took her twelve pictures to Mr. Kulas—twelve pictures that seemed to pierce to the very heart of steel-making. Here was the magnificent, everyday courage of men wrestling with the raw products of the earth to shape them into the sheer beauty and strength of shining steel; here one saw, in the making, steel ships and steel rails and the wheels and engines that have built the twentieth century and its world.

Mr. Kulas could scarcely believe that a girl could have worked this magic, but the magic was there for him to see—and buy. He paid her a magic amount, a hundred dollars apiece for the twelve photographs. From them he made a book which he privately printed and called *The Romance of Steel*. After its publication, almost overnight, the

slim, intense young woman found herself—far more than any other photographer—the interpreter of the industrial world. Immediately, other industrialists demanded that she picture their work.

She went to the limestone quarries of Indiana to take pictures of rotary saws and gang saws and stacked slabs of the stone that faces the skyscrapers of New York and Chicago and all our great cities from East to West. She went into the forests beyond the edge of the Arctic Circle to photograph huge trees as they were being cut for paper-making and house-building. She stood in the harvest fields of Nebraska and Kansas to make pictures of reapers and binders and the other giant mechanical aids of men gathering the grain for our food.

On one occasion she went four miles below the surface of the earth with an engineer and some miners, and that time, she says, she knew what fear was. To light the scene she was to photograph, a power line was laid. It had to be doubly insulated for fear a spark from it might explode the gases at that low level and blow the photographer and the miners to kingdom come. She set up her camera and gave the signal that was relayed to the top of the mine to throw the switch. The power was too heavy and blew out her bulbs before she could get her picture. The engineer whispered that the men were superstitious about a failure and would resent it if she set up her camera for a second try when the lines were reconnected. "Can you sing?" he asked. Frantically Margaret sang "Annie Laurie," while they set up the wires again. Soon they were all singing with her, and she got her pictures to the tunes of the miners' favorite songs.

During the Century of Progress, the Chicago World's Fair of 1933-34, Margaret Bourke-White made a series of photomurals for the Aluminum Company of America. These are photographs blown up to gigantic size and used to decorate immense walls. They caused such a stir that when the RCA building was being completed in New York's Radio City, she was asked to design and execute a series of photomurals to interpret the radio industry and decorate the lobby walls. And there, today, when you visit that building, you may see the huge antennae and sending towers, the oversized tubes and microphones, and all the strange paraphernalia of radio, in patterns of black and white circling the rotunda.

At that time Margaret Bourke-White had only begun her life as a photographer—and as a woman. She wanted to say more with her camera. She wanted to criticize the world in which she lived, as well as to beautify and interpret it. In 1929 she had said, "In the two years since I have been out of college, I have come to believe that whatever of art will come out of this industrial age will come from the subjects of industry themselves, which are sincere and unadorned in their beauty and close to the people."

Now she wanted to get closer to the hearts of the people. She sat one afternoon in an office in Philadelphia and talked with Clarence Pickett, the famous Quaker and humanitarian, asking his advice about making her camera say the things she meant it to say. It wasn't just financial success, or fame that she wanted, but to meet her own high standards of creativeness and responsibility. Clarence Pickett encouraged her to turn her camera more to the people of the world and less to the works of their hands—and since that time people, rather than buildings and

THE AMERICAN GIRL

mills and forests, have dominated her work.

A short time before this, she had been made staff photographer of *Fortune*, that magazine of industrialists and businessmen, and the editors had sent her to Germany to photograph the chemical plants and dye works there, as well as the sculptors and artists of that country. She had gone on her own to the borders of Russia and, after much delay, had convinced the Russian authorities that she should enter and take some pictures of what was happening in that part of the world.

The U.S.S.R. has always had immense respect and admiration for American industrial genius. It was Margaret Bourke-White's pictures of steel and aluminum mills and limestone pits and coal mines that were her passport into Russia. There she went from Leningrad to the Black Sea, and from the borders on the West to the Ural Mountains, taking pictures all the way. Her book, *Eyes on Russia*, came out of this experience, and a second book, *U.S.S.R.* resulted from another trip there in 1933. Both are filled with pictures showing the Russian people and their country and their industries.

When Margaret Bourke-White returned to America, in 1933, she found it in the depths of a financial depression. The drought had struck the Western plains, adding dust storms and cattle death to the lack of jobs and money and food. It was then that she asked herself how her camera could say what she felt it should be saying—and it was a story more terrible than words could express that she brought back from the West and published in the October, 1934, issue of *Fortune*. There, for all America to see, were the sick and dying cattle, the sad faces of men and women, hopeless because their lands were being destroyed by the sun and wind and dust.

It was at this time that Margaret met Erskine Caldwell, a writer who had already pleaded, in his books and plays, with the people of the nation to help these countrymen of ours solve their problems of want. Margaret and Erskine Caldwell found much in common as they made a trip through this despairing land, she taking pictures and he writing down notes that they combined in a book, *You Have Seen Their Faces*, which is as biting and moving as the angry words of a righteously angry man.

In 1939, Margaret Bourke-White and Erskine Caldwell were married, and they have been working together ever since. A beautiful and sad book is their *North of the Danube*, filled with pictures and tales of the peasants and townspeople who lived in the Czecho-Slovakia—that was. There you will find the gay costumes of the girls and the sad eyes of miners' children and of hungry villagers; there you will see the rich earth growing harvests in narrow and varicolored strips; and goose girls with their flocks; and all that was good and bad in that country before the War broke out.

The year War did break out, the Caldwells traveled south from the Czech country through the Balkans and into Turkey and out on the steppes of Bessarabia, where Margaret "nearly froze her feet off taking pictures of the peasants in their fields." They went through Syria and Egypt, then back to London where she took pictures in blackouts and made portraits of Winston Churchill, and so home to America not yet at war.

Since 1936, Margaret Bourke-White had been staff photographer for *Life*, as well as for *Fortune*, and in the spring of 1941 *Life*

(Continued on page 37)



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IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

LAND OF MANY WARS

Tunisia, a theater of combat between Allied and Axis forces, is a land whose history is a rich, long-drawn pageant. Jutting northward into the Mediterranean and dominating its central waters, it is a highly strategic stretch of earth. It's been called a dagger pointed at the heart of Italy.

No wonder, then, that battles have swirled along its coasts since the earliest times. Tunis, the present capital, with its minarets, its gleaming, flat-topped houses, stands near the ruins of ancient Carthage. In Carthage lived Dido, that legendary queen, who loved



Aeneas and killed herself when he left her. It was from Carthage that Hannibal's armies set forth to strike blows at Rome's empire. Carthage drew the wrath of Cato the Censor, who ended every speech he made in the senate by saying, "Carthage must be destroyed!"

Beaten down successively by Romans, by Bedouins from Upper Egypt, by Turks, by Barbary Coast pirates, Tunisia fell into something very near anarchy. Both France and Italy began to eye it with interest.

France, moving first (in 1881) seized it by force. Announcing that she meant to bring order, she established military posts and paid particular attention to fortifying Bizerte, which—as scores of years passed—came to be known as France's Gibraltar.

This vital naval base now has a good outer harbor, a remarkable inner harbor which covers some forty square miles. Both are equipped for naval servicing and repairs. Together they could hold all Europe's navies, with lots of room to spare.

With its fertile, coastal regions, its mountainous interior, and its sweep of desert in the south, Tunisia has a population of about two million, seven hundred thousand persons, mainly Arabs and Berbers. Though it's a small country—about the size of Alabama—it has greater military value than ever.

Natural enough that the land, which for so many centuries has been the scene of bitter fighting, should again be the background for battle. Natural, too, that this key country should loom large in the thoughts of Allied strategists, shaping broad plans for victory.

"THE BIG INCH" IS ON ITS WAY

A man was drilling for salt water. If and when he found it, he expected to let it dry and have a pile of salt for his pains. This was back in eighteen twenty-nine. The place was Burkesville, Kentucky.

But the man did not strike salt water. He struck oil. This caught on fire at once, and he ran from the spot screaming, "I've hit hell itself! May God have mercy on me!"

Thirty years later Colonel E. L. Drake sank an oil well in Pennsylvania. His was the first deliberate effort, in this country, to find oil. Previously, our forebears had made what they called "coal oil" from coal, but nobody hunted for nature's oil pools stored under the earth.

After Colonel Drake showed the way, the great search was on—and it's still on. We're looking for oil even in spots which lie under water. For this an odd sort of truck-boat (sketched below) is used. It's called a "swamp buggy." Its huge tires are also propellers, equipped with something like fins, so it can roll on land and swim in water. An ingenious aid to oil hunting, it has helped to make the following statement true: Today's known oil reserves in the United States are four times the known reserves of fifteen years ago.

But it's one thing to find oil and another to move it. It's lighter than water, but heavy, at that. The most efficient method is not to pour it into tanks and haul it, but to pump it through a pipe. This is the method now being used in the case of "The Big Inch." The Big Inch will be the longest pipe line in the world. Completion of its first great lap, running from Long View, Texas, to Norris City, Illinois, was planned for December. From Norris City to the Eastern seaboard is a long



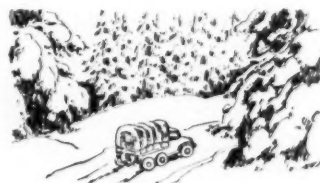
stretch, but our War Production Board has decreed that two hundred and nineteen thousand tons of steel be set aside to carry the line on to Camden, New Jersey—and the work is under way.

In Pittsburgh, one mill alone is turning out the great pipe at a rate of ten miles a day. The Big Inch is in no sense just inching along. This is as it should be. The East needs fuel oil badly, and the war is consuming oil as no war ever did before.

HIGHWAY OF DESTINY

"A blitzkrieg against nature"—that's the way one observer described the building of the new Alaska Highway, sometimes called the Alcan (Alaska-Canada) Highway. It's true that such a long road has never before been thrust through wilderness with such speed, such mechanized skill. The highway was built jointly by our Army Engineers and the United States Public Roads Administration. It stretches from Dawson Creek, in western Canada, to Fairbanks, Alaska.

The choice of the present route—decided on after years of controversy—was finally determined after various strategic airfields had been built in northwest Canada. Today's road



links these airports together. Actual construction began only last March. First came the survey units, frequently traveling by air. After them rumbled tank-like "bulldozers," massive and powerful enough to push over large pines and spruces. Next came an army of road-makers, equipped with every kind of highway-building machinery. Scores of saw-mills, hastily erected beside the embryo road, turned out planks for hundreds of bridges.

The men worked long hours, often fighting swarms of mosquitoes during the summer months. Each night they threw themselves, close to exhaustion, on the bunks in their tents. Some lost their lives in streams swollen by the waters of melting snows and glaciers. It was an epic of struggle, of fortitude.

The highway, though traffic can now flow along its entire length, is little more than a broad trail in many places. Much of its sixteen-hundred-mile length must be smoothed, widened, given a durable surface. Years must pass before we'll be able to call it a permanent road.

In a few years it will be important not merely in itself but as the northernmost link in a much greater road—the Pan-American Highway System. Over this astonishing system motorists will be able to drive all the way from Buenos Aires to Fairbanks. The prospect of what this could mean to a Western Hemisphere finally at peace must bring a lifting of the spirits to all those who turn their minds to it.

A PET'S JOB IS BUILDING MORALE

The first weeks of war, in England, were black weeks for pets. Pets ate food—so it was argued—which should go into human mouths. To care for them took time needed for the war effort. Result—great numbers of pets were destroyed. But the progress of the war brought second thoughts. Families missed well remembered pets, longed for new ones. Gradually a realization grew—pets build morale. So, little by little, animals found their places again in many an English home. They're still scarce, though. Even a "mutt" brings almost its weight in gold.

The armed forces, here and in Great Britain, have never made the mistake of being without pets. Their mascots are well loved. Some of them are known even outside the fighting units to which they're attached.

For instance, there's Grundy (*sketched below*), an English bull terrier who's giving his all for the men on the Rock of Gibraltar. Grundy is every inch a soldier. He feels his responsibility as mascot and spends much of his time defying imaginary foes at the port-holes used by gunners.

Several Navy crews aboard American merchant ships have "sea dogs" as mascots. These salt water pets have so identified themselves with their vessels that, according to one sailor, it's a question as to whether the mascots are the ships' dogs, or the vessels are the dogs' ships.

At a certain air field in Illinois, there lives a matronly dog with the distinction of being—so far as is known—the only pet in our armed forces who boasts a wooden leg. She's the mascot of a Quartermaster Detachment. Some of the flyers, depressed by seeing her hobbling about—she had lost a leg—took her to the head man of the Quartermaster shoes repair shop, who made for her a snugly fitting leg of wood and leather, complete with a small harness. Peg was a little mystified by her new leg, at first—she sniffed at it and bit it suspiciously—but she has learned to use it so well that she's now thump-thumping proudly all over the field's runways.

Then there's Young Abe, the well known eagle mascot of our 101st Airborne Division—a unit nicknamed the Eagle Division. Abe likes to scream and ruffle his feathers as if he enjoyed being a patriotic symbol.



Mascots are especially prized in our lonely outposts. In Alaska, one of the loneliest, the men have made homes for dogs and cats, and have even tried to raise young seals. At Kodiak, a young lieutenant, Richard Sipes, has done a good job of seal-rearing by bringing up a small seal, "Slicker", that had been caught in a fisherman's net.

Letters received recently by American Army officers have made the suggestion—apparently in all seriousness—that certain monkeys which live in Northwest Africa be made the official mascots of our fighting forces there. These animals, known as patas monkeys, wear our colors. Their backs and legs are red, their stomachs are white, and their faces are blue.

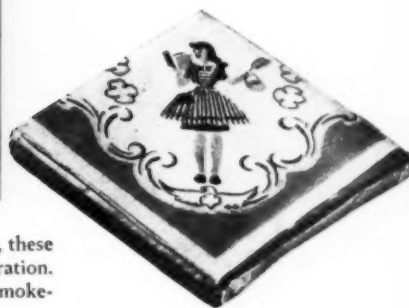


Tall tapers, or big console candles, these are perfect for table or room decoration. In deep, mellow green, they are smokeless, dripless, odorless.

11-637 Tapering dip, 10" 10c
11-638 Console candle, 8x1¼" . . . 25c
11-639 Trefoil holder, with
3½" white candle 25c

Brighten up!

When the crowd gathers 'round these wintry days, do your cheer-sharing with glowing candlelight, colorful paper napkins.



Gay napkins, printed in candy pink and mint green, have a different figure in each corner. White, linen-like paper. Pkg. of 18. 11-613 10c

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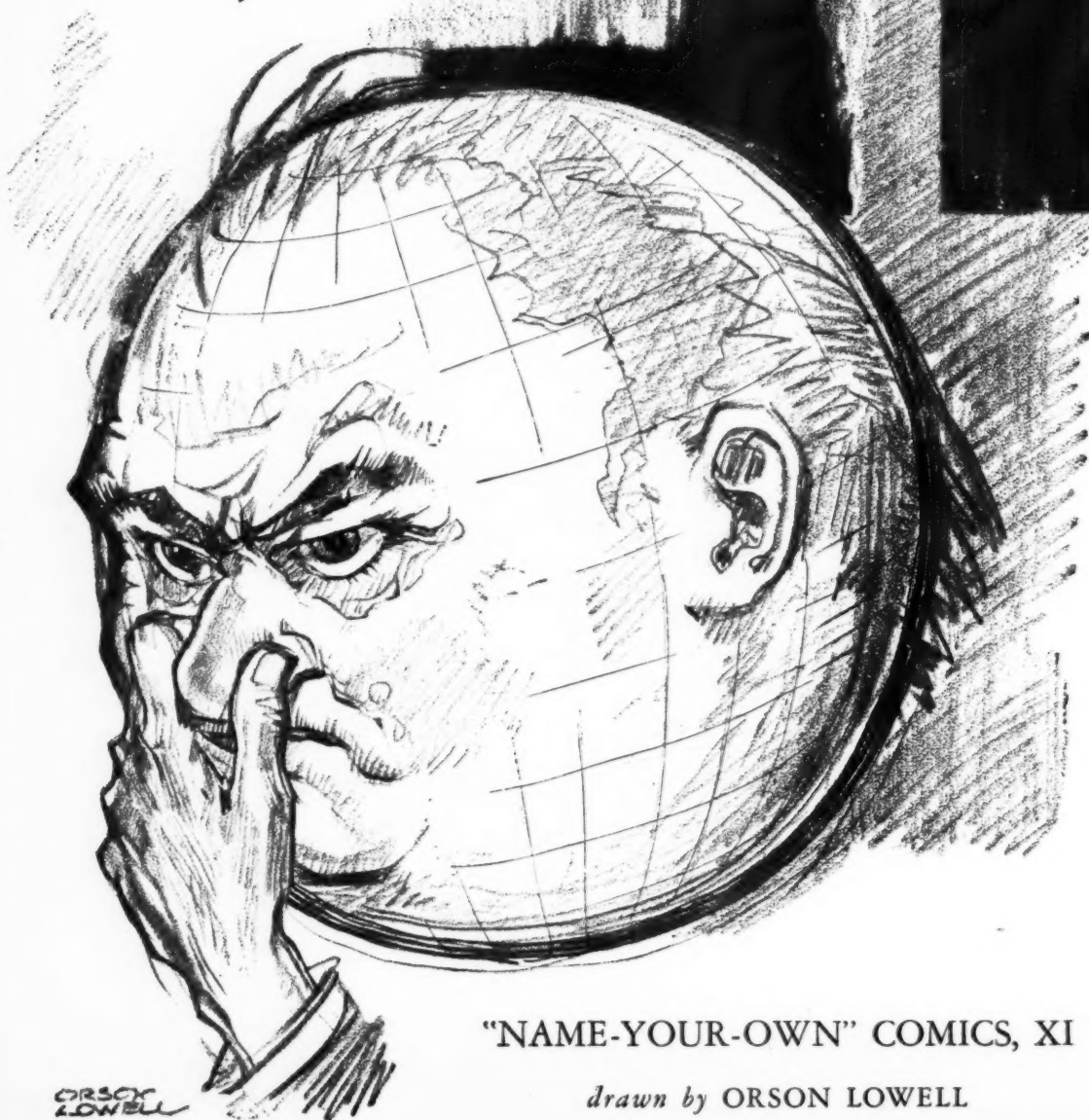
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Win a prize by naming
this picture. For rules,
see page 47. The win-
ning title will be announced
in the March, 1943 issue



"NAME-YOUR-OWN" COMICS, XI

drawn by ORSON LOWELL

MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

sent her and her husband again into Russia, this time by clipper across the Pacific, through the "back door." They had to take a plane, not a very up-to-date or safe one, and make short jerky hops across the great continent of Asia. And so, at last, they reached Moscow and the fighting front.

In her new book, *Shooting the Russian War*, Margaret tells of her experiences during those terrible days when the Germans tried to burn Moscow to the ground. She climbed one night to the roof of the British Embassy—up a ladder and through a trap door—to the slanting tiles, where she slipped and slid and set up her four cameras, one for each quarter of the sky. Her helmet was so heavy that she could not wear it for more than fifteen minutes at a time, but she needed it for protection against the shrapnel that rattled about her like hail. All about her, too, were the deadly fireworks of an air raid—incendiary bombs and time bombs and slow-dropping magnesium flares lighting up the Kremlin, the palace where the Government was and where Stalin lived.

Margaret crawled from one camera to the other opening the shutters for time exposures, then crawling back inside the trapdoor to wait on the ladder until the rattle of shrapnel grew less. This amazing woman says, "There is something unearthly about being on an open roof in a raid. My first feeling was one of extreme loneliness. The sky was so startlingly big with its probing spears of searchlights and flaming onions hurtling their way through space, that man seemed too small to count at all."

From Moscow, Margaret went to the front and faced there many hazards and terrors with all the bravery of which she is capable, and came back with the pictures which have since been printed in *Life* magazine for all America to see. And now they have permanent form in her new book.

ALL'S SWELL THAT ENDS SWELL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

Then the first of the month came, and with it promptly a bill from *Deb and Sub-Deb*. It said, "Bal. on coat, \$2.05." Seeing it that way, in black and white, the sum looked staggering. I mean bills looks bigger than the price does when you are buying anything. You aren't buoyed up with excitement at the time you get the bill. Well, there I was! I didn't have ten dollars to my name. I mean I didn't even have five.

I tried awfully hard to economize so as to have twenty dollars by the time the next bill came, but so many things happened. I had to pay my lab fee—I'd forgotten about that. I had to help buy flowers for Mary because she had her tonsils out—and, after all, she's my roommate. I had to get a new pair of stockings because I fell on the gravel walk and ruined my last pair. Plenty of things can happen I found out, once you are in debt, to keep you there.

In no time at all it was the first of the month again, and there was the bill. This time it said, "Past Due." I had four-fifty that I had scraped together, but I thought they would be insulted if I offered them that.

She is not only brave, but full of laughter. You can read in *Shooting the Russian War* how she took Stalin's portrait, turning the interpreter into a photographic assistant by handing him flash bulbs so hot that he almost dropped them, and herself crawling about on the floor to get the best angle shot of the short, stalwart leader of the U.S.S.R., making him laugh at her gyrations and getting "just the portrait that she wanted" while he laughed. She tells, too, how she moved her darkroom into the basement of the American Embassy, piled high about the cellar windows with sandbags for raid protection, while she developed those negatives of Stalin's face. She put them, one by one, through the developer for fear she might damage the best of them, and fearing, too, that a flaring bomb might drop into the cellar and so destroy her day's and night's work.

A bit of red dustcloth covered a flashlight bulb, and by this dim glow she made the prints of the Stalin portraits so that she might ship them off to America next day by plane. These glimpses into her life in Russia tell us exactly what sort of conscientious workman and high-minded artist and lively, courageous person Margaret Bourke-White is.

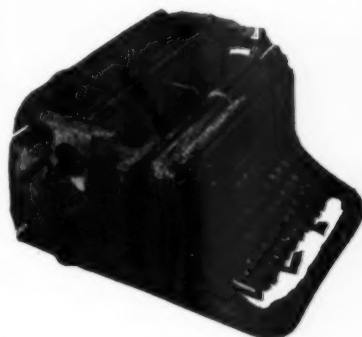
Now, even as this story about her is being written, she is packing her cameras and a box, several hundred pounds in weight, which contains a duplicate of every screw and shutter and part of each camera she takes with her. For in far-off places Margaret has learned that she must be her own repair man, as well as photographer and artist. She is wearing the uniform of an officer of the United States Army, without insignia, and she will take pictures of some battlefront—which military necessity makes it impossible to identify at present—from the field and from the air. There, with high courage and keen eyes and insight, she will interpret again for us the chaotic world in which we live and catch for us one facet, at least, of the lives of the men and women who inhabit it.

So I waited. I was simply scared silly. I couldn't write home. I mean, how can you say to harassed parents who have just had a barn and three cows go up in flames, "Please send me some extra money. I have bought a new fur coat?"

Well, the third bill came—and even before I opened it I knew it was going to be tough. I mean it was even on different colored paper. There was the statement: "Bal. on coat \$52.05. Carrying charge \$.15." Beneath it, in what looked to me like letters of fire, someone had written, "Unless a payment is immediately forthcoming, we will be compelled to give this bill to our agent for collection."

I wouldn't tell anyone, not even Fanny, what a jam I was in. I found a magazine article, "How to Earn Money at College," and read it avidly, like a musician on the track of the Lost Chord. It said you could make money repairing stockings. But the girls here take theirs to the Stocking Shop and get it done on a machine so it's practically invisible. I couldn't compete with a machine. It said you could take care of children in the evening. But I asked a maid and she said you only get fifty cents an evening, and how could I pass my classes, or get out of debt,

This Typewriter has been to War



Typewriters, too, are casualties. This one was executing essential tasks on board a U. S. warship when carrier-borne enemy aircraft attacked. Note how portions of the machine have been melted by fire which, incidentally, burned out the desk from under it.

... will you sell one to replace it?

Here's a veteran of our Navy... no longer able to serve under the Stars and Stripes.

"Make good my loss" is what this Underwood says to you, to every man who runs an office.

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Doubtless, you already know that Underwood Elliott Fisher and other typewriter manufacturers are busy turning out fighting equipment.

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WHAT'S ON THE SCREEN?

This list has been selected by permission from the movie reviews published in "The Parents' Magazine," New York City



—FOR AGES TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN—

Excellent

CASABLANCA. Melodrama has been raised to breathless contemporaneousness through the life-like and detailed background of this story of a love renounced for the sake of Free France. Humphrey Bogart is an American who appears to be a hard-bitten ex-patriot out for nothing but profits from the café he operates in Casablanca. Here gather Vichy officials, German masters, and refugees from all over the world seeking passage to America. Terrific suspense is built up for the appearance of Paul Henreid, Free French leader lately escaped from a Nazi prison camp, and his wife, Ingrid Bergman. When Bogart finds that the leader's wife is the girl he had loved and inexplicably lost in Paris a few years earlier, the conflict between his assumed cynicism and innate idealism makes an intensely dramatic situation. Comedy is supplied from a most unexpected source—Claude Rains's jaunty portrayal of a Vichy official who crosses and uncrosses his fingers with the turn of events. (Warners)

SALUDOS AMIGOS. Last year Walt Disney and a staff of artists made a three-month trip to South America in order to translate local folk heroes into cartoon characters with appropriate background, music, and feeling. The immediate result (we are sure more films will follow) is this intriguing combination of travelogue (with the Disney group as the attractive cast), sketch book of impressions, and cartoons. In the latter, Donald Duck and Goofy do South America in a big way and several new characters appear, most popular of which will be José Carioca, the sophisticated parrot who introduces Donald Duck to Rio de Janeiro. Children will like the fable of the little airplane who flies the mail when Mama and Papa Plane are both taken ill, and disregards their warnings to be cautious when crossing the Andes. Goofy isn't as funny as usual in his impersonation of a *gaucho*, but D. Duck is his irrepressible self as an American tourist. We liked best the sequences wherein the artists observe people, animals, city scenes, etc., and then transform them into cartoons which bring out more human characteristics than the actual photographs. (RKO)

IN WHICH WE SERVE. Men who go to sea come to love their ships as if they were human. This is particularly true of the men of Britain who serve in the Royal Navy. This film is the story of a fine, seaworthy ship which was torpedoed and sunk in the Battle of Crete, and of the captain and crew who loved her. As the ship goes down, she is saluted by a handful of survivors clinging to a rubber raft. In the moments before her stern sinks out of sight, the men's thoughts go back to the day she was commissioned, and to important events which followed in their own lives as well as in the life of the ship. The varied family histories, together with glimpses of the ship's performance at Dunkirk and in later battles, make an heroic record, one of the finest to come out of the war. Noel Coward wrote and directed the film and plays the part of Captain Kinross, said to be patterned on the life of Lord Louis Mountbatten, now chief of the British Commandos. The acting of the minor rôles has that true-to-life quality which often distinguishes foreign films where the faces of the cast are not familiar. In this instance, they give us a believable cross-section of British family life. (U.A.)

Good

AVENGERS, THE. A British correspondent (Hugh Williams) in Norway at the time of the Nazi take-over observes a great deal which later is of value to the Commandos in locating and destroying a camouflaged submarine base. The pace of the film is deliberate, but interest is sustained until the thrilling ending in which shots of an actual Commando raid are used. (Para.)

DR. GILLESPIE'S NEW ASSISTANT. Asked to choose an assistant from among three promising internes, Dr. Gillespie (Lionel Barrymore) gives each a puzzling case to work on. While they (Van Johnson, Keye Luke, Richard Quine) run into difficulties, their sincere desire to learn from the experienced doctor impresses him so much that his opinion of the "young crop" of doctors soars. (MGM)

GREAT GILDERSLEEVE. THE. Harold Peary, as Gildersleeve, engages in a feud with the local judge and his spinster sister over the custody of his niece (Nancy Gates) and nephew (Freddie Mercer) in this broad comedy patterned after the radio show. Amusing for radio fans. (RKO)

ONCE UPON A HONEYMOON. Ginger Rogers and Cary Grant bring their smooth comic gifts to a story of Nazi-dominated Europe, which remains properly serious by keeping the many laughs centered on the two Americans. The Nazis are shown as the inhuman scourge the conquered countries have found them to be, and are not served up as funny men. Ginger is a gold-digging ex-burlesque chorus girl, who thinks she has upped herself socially by marrying a German baron (Walter Slezak). She believes he is an anti-Nazi Austrian. When finally persuaded by Grant, roving newscaster, that her husband is Hitler's front man in countries about to be conquered, she drops her faked personality and risks her life to prevent the Baron's scheduled visit to the United States. Although many of the scenes are over long they are well enough acted to hold interest. (RKO)

HAPPY GO LUCKY. This gay and melodic romp in technicolor is entirely pre-war and very entertaining. Mary Martin is the self-styled heiress out to catch a millionaire on the pennies saved up for a Caribbean cruise. Dick Powell proves himself a comedian of first rank, as the unambitious hero who takes her eye off the catch. Another surprise is Rudy Vallee, who is both funny and pathetic as the millionaire. Then there are two slapstick performances by Eddie Bracken and Betty Hutton which provide boisterous laughs. (Para.)

HEART OF THE GOLDEN WEST. Roy Rogers is so attractive an example of the kindly, fearless, yet hard-as-nails Western hero that it is too bad the producers insist he must sing, too. Presumably this is because he is taking Gene Autry's rôles, but since he is a better actor than Autry, and a far less successful singer, why not leave the music to the tuneful Sons of the Pioneers? Except for the really unfortunate solo intervals, this action drama is imbued with Rogers's casual sense of humor, a quality rare in cowboy heroes. (Rep.)

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME. This is a surprise package musical—there's a good story; the singing is exceptional, with Allan Jones, Gloria Jean, and Jane Frazee contributing; the Phil Spitalny All-Girl Orchestra plays well and is a relief from the too noisy bands, and the comedy team of Donald O'Connor and Peggy Ryan gives a more restrained performance than usual and thus earn more laughs. (Univ.)

REUNION. An interesting picture of Paris overrun by greedy Nazis is the background of a suspenseful romance wherein a wealthy Parisienne (Joan Crawford) breaks with her fiancé (Philip Dorn) for his apparent alliance with the conquerors. About to escape France with an R.A.F. pilot (John Wayne) she has befriended, she learns of Dorn's innocence and returns to Paris. (MGM)

SHERLOCK HOLMES FIGHTS BACK. As if the war weren't enough to engage his deductive powers, up pops Holmes's old enemy, Dr. Moriarty, in this film, to threaten the great detective's life and challenge his skill. Based on the story, "The Dancing Men," by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. The plot has been brought up-to-date—and surely no other generation of Holmes's enthusiasts has had a more satisfactory characterization of their hero than Basil Rathbone gives us. Nigel Bruce, as Dr. Watson, is just right, too. (Univ.)

—FOR AGES EIGHT TO TWELVE—

Excellent

SALUDOS AMIGOS

Good

AVENGERS, THE
GREAT GILDERSLEEVE, THE
HEART OF THE GOLDEN WEST
WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

either, at that rate? And besides, on the campus all the people who have children have regular maids. It said you could take in washing for the other students—I mean launder their collars and cuffs and blouses. But I have a hard enough time doing my own. In fact, nothing in the article seemed much help. I got so I hated the sight of the squirrel coat. If it had been one of Bluebeard's wives hanging in my closet, I couldn't have felt very different. And then I got a letter from Mother, and I really felt like I belonged in Alcatraz. She wrote:

"Dear Lucy Ellen:

"I am puzzled and distressed by the enclosed bill which came to me today. It seems to be a statement for a coat. Since Father expressly asked you not to open charge accounts, I have not shown it to him yet. He is quite worried, as you know, just now and besides he is suffering from rheumatism.

"If this statement is correct, then the bill will have to be paid, though it comes at such an inopportune time. It distresses me that you did this without consulting me. It is not like you. I thought you liked your brown coat well enough."

I got the letter at noon on Friday, and I went through all the rest of the day like a sleepwalker. The minute school was out, I took what money I had, six dollars, and started to the *Deb and Sub-Deb Shop*. My knees were shaking so when I got there that I didn't go in. I walked on past and around the block, whispering over and over to myself what I planned to say to Mrs. Hervey.

When I got to the door the second time, I took a deep breath and walked in. A saleswoman, who walked like a trained seal, came toward me. "May I help you?" she asked. "I want to see Mrs. Hervey, please." I gulped. "If she isn't busy."

"Mrs. Hervey is in her office, second floor to the rear," she answered heartlessly.

Somehow or other I got to the outer office, and then to the inner office, though I was so scared I was practically semiconscious. Mrs. Hervey looked up. "Yes?" she said.

I swallowed hard. "Mrs. Hervey," I said, "I am Lucy Ellen Downing. I bought a squirrel jacket at your sale."

"I remember," she said.

"I want to pay part of my bill, please," I said.

"Certainly," she said. "The cashier will attend to it."

"It's only six dollars," I said, like a simpleton.

Mrs. Hervey looked grim. "This bill is rather badly overdue," she said. "I believe the understanding was that you were to pay ten dollars each month?"

"Yes, Mrs. Hervey," I said meekly. "But my family has had trouble. A fire. I have had less allowance than I usually have."

"I see," said Mrs. Hervey. But she sounded as if she didn't like what she saw. "Of course you know," she went on, "on sale merchandise we make no profit. We may even take a loss. It is hardly fair when such merchandise, bought at a greatly reduced price, is not paid for within the specified time. In your case, because you were a new customer, we made every possible allowance."

"Yes, I know," I said faintly. And then I took the plunge. "Mrs. Hervey," I said, "I would like to work for you every Saturday until I pay the balance of my debt. I worked

in a bank last summer. I can take dictation. I'm sure I could learn to sell stockings, or gloves, or something simple like that. Or I could model for you, if you need anyone. Whatever you want to pay me will be all right."

Mrs. Hervey looked merely annoyed. "We are well staffed at present," she said, "with experienced people. I am sure your parents are fully able to take care of this small account."

The ivory telephone on her desk buzzed politely. She picked it up and I made my escape, simply tingling with embarrassment. The only thing left to do seemed to be to let Mother present the bill to Father, on top of the fire and the rheumatism. And Father would think less than ever of higher education for women.

When I got back to school, I went straight to Fanny's room. I love Mary, but Fanny has been my lifelong friend, and she and I know all the skeletons in each other's closets. Only to Fanny could I tell all. She was asleep when I went in, lying on the bed with a bag of peppermint drops beside her and a copy of Homer's *Odyssey* open on her chest. I hated to wake her, so I just sat down quietly to wait. Pretty soon she opened her eyes and saw me.

"Hey, Lucy Ellen!" she said. "I feel like Abou Ben Adhem. Wasn't he the one who waked from a deep dream of peace and found an angel in his room?"

"You flatter me," I said.

"You don't look very angelic at the moment, I'm bound to admit," said Fanny. "Are you still in sackcloth about that fur jacket?"

"I'm going to be in prison stripes, Fanny," I said, "if I don't find a way soon to pay for it."

"Can't you save anything?" said Fanny, sitting up on the side of the bed and scowling at me.

"You know my allowance has been cut," I told her. "And I'd rather have an eyetooth pulled than ask Father for the money. Do you think Gloria would buy the thing? I would deduct all I've paid on it."

"She might," said Fanny. "She's well able to buy it. Do you want me to ask her?"

"Would you, Fanny?" I said. "I'd rather die than ask her myself. It would give her so much satisfaction to have me say, 'Please buy my coat. I find I can't pay for it.'"

den riches have gone to her head. She simply acts like the Duchess of Windsor."

"That's the worst thing I've heard anybody say about the Duchess yet," said Fanny. "And I don't believe it." She promised to speak to Gloria that night.

I went on to my room, feeling like Atlas with the world on his back. It wasn't just parting with the coat; it was the humiliation of having Gloria flaunt it and tell people that she bought it to help me out.

"Somebody left a number for you to call," said Mary, as I entered our room. "I think it was your Main Man. Here's the number, Hemlock 4407-9."

"That's him," I said, forsaking grammar.

That call was like a good deed shining in a naughty world. I hadn't seen or heard of Sam in almost a week. It was balm to hear his voice saying, "Hello, Lucy Ellen! It looks like the weather won't do for golf, but how about seeing Mrs. Miniver tomorrow afternoon? Then we can eat supper together."

"It sounds wonderful," I said, "just wonderful!"

"And say," he said, "wear that red dress and that fur jacket. It gives me the Christmas spirit."

I said I would. But how could I, if Gloria bought the coat in the meantime? "So much for sailing under false colors," I said to myself grimly. "It serves you right!"

I got out my old gray three-piece suit and began to brush it. It was too late to send it to the cleaner, but if I pressed it and wore my red blouse and red turban it would do. It would have to do.

Next morning about nine, Gloria came to my room. "Hello," she said languidly. "Mind if I try on the squirrel jacket? Fanny says you want to sell it."

"Here it is," I said. I would not look while she tried it on, my sweet little jacket. She ran her hands over the fur, humming lightly.

The telephone rang. "Let it ring," I thought crossly.

Then I heard Beans say, "Just a minute." She called, "Lucy Ellen! Somebody wants to speak to Miss Downing. It sounds like the State Department at Washington."

I didn't know the voice and it did sound terribly official. "Miss Downing? Just a moment, please."

"Good gracious!" I thought. "Long dis-

tance! Maybe it's Mother. Or, horrors, what if it's Father?" Imagine dreading to hear your own parent's voice! That's what a guilty conscience can do for you.

Then another voice spoke. "Miss Downing? Mrs. Hervey speaking. Two of our girls have left us unexpectedly, to go into Civil Service positions. We may be able to use you in our office on Saturdays, and possibly after school, also. Can you come in and talk with me this morning?"

"Yes, Mrs. Hervey," I said. "Thank you very much."

Gloria was still standing in front of the mirror. "I think I'll take it," she said. "Fanny says you are asking fifty."

"I've changed my mind," I said recklessly. "I've decided to keep it."

I had to use persuasion on the president to get his consent to my taking the job. Only my B average, and the fact that it was, as I told him, a debt of honor, saved the day. Then I had to call Sam and break our date, because the store doesn't close until ten on Saturday.

Sam wasn't pleased. When he hung up, I thought drearily, "I'll never see him again. That's a horribly expensive coat." But I went on to the office, and I was hired for eight dollars a week, three on Saturday, and a dollar a day for working two hours each afternoon after school. Four to six, war time.

TONIGHT Sam and I had a celebration.

We ate supper at the very nicest and swankiest spot in this town, the *Trianon*. I had on my red dress and my squirrel coat. My squirrel coat, bought and paid for! I fished in my bag and brought out the tattered bill from *Deb and Sub-Deb* that had caused me so much mental anguish. "Bal. on coat, \$52.05." I handed it to Sam. "Have you a match?" I said. "I want to see this burned with appropriate ceremonies."

Sam twisted it up, like a taper, and set fire to it. He let the ashes fall into his coffee cup. "Shall I drink them?" he asked.

I sighed. "Seven weeks, Sam!" I said. "Seven weeks I worked for Mrs. Hervey. I hope you like this coat. I'm going to write a book about my experiences there. I'm going to call it, *Out of the Night—Part Two*."

"Forget it," said Sam, "and get your mind on your dessert. Remember, all's swell that ends swell."

THE HONOR AND THE GLORY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

in terrific heat and driving rain, one hundred and three men and women traveled one hundred and forty miles in twenty days, with little but rice to eat. Troops of monkeys howled at them, and once a huge elephant seemed to be planning an attack. Stilwell, fifty-nine years old, the oldest of the party, stood the ordeal best of all, too busy encouraging, helping, and coaxing the others to let down for an instant during the entire three weeks.

Another general in the Far East, who has covered himself with glory, is Brigadier General Claire L. Chennault, whose American Volunteer Group held back the Japanese advance on Chungking and undoubtedly saved the Chinese at a time when they were threatened with disaster. Chennault had fewer planes than the enemy, and these of inferior quality because they were older designs, and he had only a sketchy ground maintenance crew. But this master of the art of air fighting had two assets which made his Flying Tigers masters of the situation. First, he in-

spired his men with perfect confidence; second, he had ingenuity. Whatever seemed the thing to do he did, whether or not it was "in the book." His methods baffled the Japanese who, superstitious at heart, feared these sky warriors who were forever doing the unexpected and doing it disastrously to the Japs.

Physical courage in actual battle is often considered the high mark of heroism. But the man who keeps his mind clear when the odds are all against him, and is able to think up little things like changing the position of a gun in a fighter plane so that twenty miles an hour are added to its speed, is of heroic mold. One of Chennault's greatest difficulties was a shortage of spare parts. After every battle in the skies, he would send coolies to search the jungles for bits of planes and motors to patch his battle-scarred ships. A friend in Calcutta rendered a valuable service. He found a shipment of airplane parts on the docks, convinced the British authorities that he knew their destination, and shipped

them to Chennault before the proper papers caught up. Two days after this help arrived, Chennault's men downed twenty-six more Japanese planes.

Ingenuity enabled the crew of a Flying Fortress to save their ship which had been forced down by a storm after a raid on Rabaul in New Guinea. They landed on a sandy beach and found themselves among friendly natives. Lieutenant Raymond Holsey of Altus, Oklahoma, the pilot, and his men, were confronted with the problem of taking off again from the yielding sand with the big \$250,000 craft. They scoured the surrounding country for some sort of material to help them solve the puzzle, and finally discovered, in a settlement some miles away, a surprising hoard of steel mesh wire. Natives were hired to help them carry it to the beach and build a runway sufficiently solid for the take-off. Missing seventeen days, they arrived at their base, the ship unharmed, the men all safe.

(Continued on page 41)



GOOD TIMES *with* BOOKS



By MARY REBECCA LINGENFELTER

THIS month your usual guide to *Good Times With Books* has graciously stepped aside so that we may tell you about a book election which was held by the girls of Haverford Township Junior and Senior High Schools, Upper Darby, Pennsylvania. Here, each girl was asked to cast a vote for her favorite recent book—the winning titles to be presented in this magazine.

If your copy reaches you before the inevitable last minute Christmas rush, you might find, among the titles thus selected, a suggestion that would help you decide on a gift for that bookish chum. Or, if too late for Christmas, you might find a suitable New Year's gift for a friend who talks constantly about serving her country as a nurse, as a worker in the glamorous field of aviation—or for one who wants to prepare for a career as a woman doctor.

Susie Stuart, M.D. (Dodd, \$2), by Caroline Augusta Chandler, is just the book for a girl who is considering a career in medicine. Susie topped the list of six favorites chosen by the girls of the Junior High School. Here is the story of Susie Stuart's years of study to win her M.D. degree, as told by an instructor in the Johns Hopkins School of Medicine. You can accept as authentic the wealth of information concerning the trials, tribulations, and joys of a girl in the process of securing a medical education. Read it and see if you agree with one of our young voters, who ended a review of the book thus: "I enjoyed this book very much and I am sure, if you read it, you will also enjoy it."

Readers of the March *AMERICAN GIRL* who enjoyed Betty Peckham's article, *Can You Qualify as a Sky Hostess?* will not be surprised that the author's book, *Sky Hostess* (Nelson, \$1.75), won second place in the Junior High School election. In this book is complete information about educational and personal requirements for this popular job; the social opportunities in it; the salaries that may be earned; and a list of plane equipment. Here, also, is a brief history of the development of this occupation.



Betty Peckham, author of "Sky Hostess," the book which won second place in the elections held at the Haverford Township high schools

That our Junior High girls are just as air-minded as girls all over the world is indicated by their third selection, *Nancy Naylor, Air Pilot* (Crowell, \$2), by Elisabeth Lansing. In this book, the author tells more about the adventures of the heroine of her earlier book, *Sky Service*. One of Nancy's most exciting experiences was when she ran into an espionage plot. You are likely to be skeptical about some of the incidents, and yet we predict that any air-minded girl will have a grand time with this book.

Two books on the nursing profession ran neck and neck for fourth place on the Junior High School list—*Into the Wind* (Doubleday, \$2), by Gertrude Ethel Mallette, and *Ginger Lee: War Nurse* (Dodd, \$2), by Dorothy Deming. Readers of Miss Deming's "Penny Marsh" books will be interested in the account of Penny's chum's year in a Southern Army camp—especially in Ginger's problems in learning how to obey Army regulations and fit into her new life. Although *Into the Wind* tells particularly of the strict discipline of a probationer in the nursing profession, it gives a clear and unsentimental picture of Sabra Dunning's experiences during her probationary period.

The choice of *Success in Reserve* (Houghton, \$2), by Marjory Hall, proves that the girls of Haverford Township Junior High are giving serious thought to their future careers. This book tells how a young high school girl solved the problem of preparing to earn her own living in the shortest possible time. After trying her wings in several different jobs, she finally became a secretary and vocational adviser.

AND what about the favorite books of girls in the Senior High School? Their votes went chiefly to books on the best-seller lists which have been turned into motion pictures.

First choice of the fourteen- and fifteen-year-olds was *Mrs. Miniver* (Harcourt, \$2), by Jan Struther. Naturally we couldn't tell whether it was the book, or the motion picture, that had won their hearts, but the picture had been showing such a short time before the election was held that we decided it was really the book they liked. Certainly any girl who wants to understand our cousins across the sea can learn a good deal about them from this book. The Miniver household is typical of the best in normal, happy English life before war cast its ugly gloom over the "tight little isle." Mixed with the writer's keen wit and humor is a wisdom which adds appreciably to the worth of the book. An excellent sample is the thought which came to her in connection with the driving mirror of her car—"She wondered why it had never occurred to her before that you cannot successfully navigate the future unless you keep always framed beside it a small clear image of the past." If you have seen the movie but haven't read the book, we envy you the good times in store for you during stormy winter evenings.

Many of the Senior girls cast their votes for a rollicking non-fiction best-seller recently come out of the Army—*See Here, Private Hargrove* (Holt, \$2), by Marion Hargrove. Here's what one of the girls wrote about it:

"Every mother, sister, sweetheart, or friend reads it with joy, easily imagining their own loved ones having the same experiences and troubles. Private Hargrove, one-time editor of a small town newspaper, came from the South and was placed as a semi-skilled cook when he first entered the Army. Now he is a Corporal in the Public Relations Office where he keeps pounding away—writing more experiences, real and imaginary, of camp life."




Marion Hargrove, the author of "See Here, Private Hargrove," an amusing best seller

The Song of Bernadette (Viking, \$3) by Franz V. Werfel won a large number of votes of the older girls. According to one of these voters, this book "is a strange and interesting story based on astonishing events in the south of France in 1858. It is the revival of the history of Our Lady of Lourdes, one of the world's most famous stories. Bernadette Soubirous, a pathetic fourteen-year-old girl, had a vision of 'a beautiful lady' and believed wholly in it. Although she told what she saw and tried to explain what it meant to her, she was suspected of trying to attract attention to herself. This story shows the human sorrow of a bewildered girl who was overtaken by powers and purposes far beyond her ability to understand."

Despite the fact that the girls had been asked to vote for their favorite book of the past year or two, popular titles of earlier years appeared on many ballots. Among them was *The Yearling* (Scribner) by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. The following review was written for us about this perennial favorite:

"*The Yearling* is the story of a boy from the rough lowlands of Florida, who grew into a man through one unhappy incident. The boy, Jody Baxter, adopted a fawn that he called Flag. Jody spent many happy days in the woods running with Flag, but when the fawn became older he ate the family corn crop. Jody's father was lenient the first time, but ordered Jody to build a fence to keep the yearling out. But Flag persisted and again committed the sin. Since the corn crop was the only food they had in the winter,

Jody's father ordered him to shoot Flag. When Jody refused, his mother shot the animal in the leg. In order to relieve Flag's pain, Jody finished the job and then ran away. However, in a day he returned, mentally awakened."

 Among other older titles which received one or more votes was *Linnet on the Threshold* (Longmans) by Margaret Thomsen Raymond. Readers of THE AMERICAN GIRL who have enjoyed this author's stories will be interested to know that this book was the very first written by Miss Raymond. *The Magnificent Ambersons; I Married Adventure; Tale of Two Cities; Les Miserables; and Soap Behind the Ears* were other titles that received votes of the girls in the Senior High School.

THE HONOR and the GLORY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

An amusing episode lights up the ghastly fate of a detachment of Marines in the Solomons. Four officers and twenty-one men were sent on a scouting expedition on Guadalcanal Island. They were surprised by a strong body of Japanese and only three escaped. One of these was Corporal Joseph Spalding of New York. Crawling across rocks and swimming inlets, he finally reached a stretch of beach a mile long, which he could not swim around—and decided on bold action. He unwrapped a candy bar and strolled nonchalantly along the shore, munching the chocolate. After several minutes he looked back and saw Japanese prowling along the bushes that lined the beach, apparently looking for a man who, they naturally expected, would be in hiding or trying to run away. Spalding was one of the three who reached camp.

Less grim, though not so for the enemy, was the humor of Ensign Donald Mason, who was on patrol duty over the coastal waters of the Atlantic. It was he who, after dropping two bombs and sinking a submarine which had just come to the surface in search of victims, sent this radio message to his base, "Sighted sub, sank same." It recalls the almost languid-sounding order of Admiral Dewey at the Battle of Manila, "You may fire when ready, Gridley."

Of all the gems of humor, however grim, which this war has produced, the brightest came from James Patrick Sinnott Devereux, Major commanding the handful of marines at Wake Island. Of these marines, the President of the United States said, "The courageous conduct of the men who defended Wake Island against overwhelming enemy forces from December 8 to 22, 1941, has been noted with admiration by their fellow countrymen and the civilized world. It will not be forgotten as long as gallantry and heroism are respected."

No such resounding words came from Major Devereux. With five-inch guns, he had fought off ships with artillery of larger caliber and longer range, allowing them to batter the island without returning their fire while they steamed along confidently and came within range—and then promptly sank a cruiser, two destroyers, and a gunboat. The Major received a message from Honolulu, asking if he wanted anything. *Wanted anything!* He wanted bigger guns, hundreds of

planes, thousands of men to operate them, but he knew it would be silly to ask for them. It was just after the Pearl Harbor attack and he knew the terrible lack of armament. So he sent back over the air waves this message:

"Send us more Japs."

One of the reasons why personal exploits have had so great a part in this war is found in the extensive development of the machinery of destruction. In olden times the king would summon his soldiers, send them out to battle in a solid mass against another solid mass, like a deadly football scrimmage, and whichever made the most downs won the war. The common soldiers merely did what they were told to do by the captains and the generals. But when a man is hundreds of miles from his base and three miles up in the air, with a half dozen Jap Zeros in the vicinity, he has no time to find out what his superior officer thinks would be the best thing for him to do. For the moment, he is in supreme command at that particular spot. The most important single thing in American training and experience now comes to his aid—independence of thought, initiative. The American boy has been told since infancy that all men are equal, and he believes it. As a result, he believes also that he has a right to think for himself. He has known nothing of the regimenting through which Japanese and German youths have passed. When he is in a tight place, he does not ask himself, "What was I taught to do?" but "What is the best thing to do?"

Lieutenant Edward O'Hare of Saint Louis, Missouri, twenty-eight years old, graduate of Annapolis, was a member of a squadron of fighters based in the Southwest Pacific on an airplane carrier. The commander of his unit was John S. Thach of Fordyce, Arkansas. O'Hare had never been in actual combat, and when it was reported that a group of Japanese bombers was headed for the carrier, he was eager to be in the fighting. Thach told him his turn would come later and O'Hare waited while half a dozen American planes drove off the attackers, downing most of them. Fifteen minutes later the approach of another group of Jap bombers was signalled, and as the American fighters that had been in the first engagement were still taking fuel and ammunition, O'Hare's desire for a fight was gratified. Thach's plane and others were chasing what was left of the first group of Japs, and O'Hare found himself and one other single-seated fighter facing nine Jap bombers. The guns of the second plane were found to be out of order, so it was one to nine—and the one, a one-man mosquito which turned out to be a hornet. What followed was described by O'Hare later:

"I first contacted them about twelve miles away from the ship. They were flying fast and straight. Counting three machine guns and a cannon on each plane, I figured I had to worry about twenty-seven different guns—not all at once, of course. I got above them and prepared for the first group to pass. Quickly I dropped, pressed the trigger, and two of them burst into flames and fell. Actually, I figured, there wasn't much to do except shoot at them. I would go for one, let him have it, then pull out quick so that the exploding, burning plane would not fall on top of me. Then I'd go for the next one like the first.

"These bombers were coming in formations of three. On the first pass I hit planes on the

right after-end. Then I went over to the left side and started up the line.

"In this way I shot down five, and damaged one or two, of the nine bombers. The last Jap I went after I could have downed, except my gun stopped after ten rounds when I ran out of ammunition. My whole action took only three or four minutes. They tell me there were sometimes three falling planes in the air at once. I was still worried, though, because what Jap planes were left got through to the carrier.

"Fortunately other planes were now up in the air to give me support. They chased the Japs away, and though bombs dropped within fifty yards of the carrier, they did no damage. When the fight was over, I thought I'd lost my voice. I screamed in the cockpit to see if my voice was okay. It was. Only the transmitter had gone sour. By night-time we had shot down eighteen of twenty Jap planes seen that day. One other was damaged and probably didn't get home."

To have downed five planes in one day is believed to be a world record, but the way O'Hare tells it makes it sound simple. He did not have to turn to a book and read a chapter on "How a one-seater should attack nine bombers." He just used his head.

One of the hottest individual fights of the war was won by Captain Hewitt T. Wheless in an attack on Japanese shipping at the end of Luzon Island in the Gulf of Legaspi, in a Flying Fortress, four hundred miles from his base. The plane ran into bad weather. A motor became overheated and they had to slow down to get it going again. Jap pursuit ships came at them and they downed two. More planes attacked them. Bullets popped into the fuselage. One engine was shot out of commission. One gunner was killed and three wounded. The fourth worked the guns on both sides of the ship. He had a fractured wrist, but paid no attention to it. Captain Wheless performed the task assigned to him and returned to his base, but because of the condition of his ship, he had to make a crash landing. He did so, however, without adding to the casualties. The tail wheel was shot off, one gas tank gone, the radio gone, and there were bullet holes everywhere—about twelve hundred of them in every part of the Flying Fortress, even in the propeller blades. Such a fight is no place for men who fight by the book.

The name of the principal actor in an episode that occurred in the welter of the great Midway battle has never been learned. An observer reported that a marine, piloting a fighter, found his retracting gear had stuck, and with his wheels down he was unable to fight. Did he go back to the base for repairs? Not he! Making a great parade of his predicament, he teased a Zero into chasing him. He led the way right above the American anti-aircraft battery, and down went Mr. Zero. Then the marine flew right back to decoy more Japs. Somehow, it is impossible to visualize anyone in that busy little plane but an American boy, grinning over his trick.

These observations about American characteristics are not intended in any way to belittle the fighting men of our Allies. Britons and Russians have displayed their mettle, their great skill and courage in their own ways. Each nation leaves its stamp upon its great deeds. For the moment, let us just point with pride to our own.

A word has found its way into the American language, and is even to be found now

REMEMBER—IF YOU AREN'T REGISTERED, YOU'RE NOT A GIRL SCOUT!

in the dictionary, which has a shade of meaning that cannot be expressed in any other way. This word is "stick-to-itiveness." You might say it means "persistence," and if you can't feel the difference there is no way of explaining it. Anyhow, it is an American word and an American trait, and a lot of it has been used in this war.

Edwin J. Kroeger, twenty-eight years old, lieutenant junior grade from Akron, Ohio, was the pilot of a plane in an attack on one of the Gilbert Islands. A bullet from a machine gun hit his foot so that he was unable to use it for rudder control. Without use of the steering gear, however, he maneuvered his ship so that his radioman-gunner, Achilles A. Georgiu, twenty-three years old, of Astoria, New York, was able to bring down a Jap. Kroeger got his plane back to its carrier base safely, although he was fainting from loss of blood. That's stick-to-itiveness.

In the Midway battle, Captain Richard E. Fleming of Saint Paul found himself in a desperate situation. His plane was burning and riddled with anti-aircraft fire. One of his arms was helpless from a machine-gun bullet. He ordered his crew to bale out, maneuvered to three hundred feet above an enemy warship, and let go his bombs. There was an explosion, the warship sank, and Captain Fleming was reported "missing in action." That's stick-to-itiveness.

When it was found necessary to abandon Surabaya, in Java, because of the approach of an overwhelming Japanese force, the American destroyer *Stewart* was in drydock there. Without a moment to spare, Commander Henry E. Eccles was forced to take a step that goes against the grain with any officer of a civilized nation. He left five men as a demolition squad, with instructions to destroy the *Stewart*. He never expected to see any of them again. Under Chief Electrician's Mate James K. Brody, the five men destroyed the ship in drydock, got hold of an automobile and managed to reach a southern Java port. There they found a deserted freighter, put it into some sort of navigable condition, gathered a miscellaneous crew, and steered the old hulk to safety and a reunion with their shipmates. That's stick-to-itiveness.

Jim D. Miller was a lieutenant, junior grade, on the *Arizona* when Pearl Harbor was attacked. A bomb struck the ship and it seemed to rise out of the water, shudder, and settle rapidly by the bow. The whole forward part of the vessel was in flames and they were spreading rapidly. Wounded and burned men were pouring out on deck and more bombs were falling near the *Arizona*. Miller, in this holocaust, assisted in directing the fire-fighting and, to quote his citation, "supervised rescue in such an amazingly calm and cool manner, and with such excellent judgment, that it inspired everyone who saw him and undoubtedly resulted in saving many lives. Abandon ship was ordered, but he remained, assisting in directing the abandon and rescue work. He left in the last boatload, then engineered a motor launch and made rescues from the quays and the water." That's stick-to-itiveness plus.

It is particularly interesting to note how many of these American heroes have been Boy Scouts. Of those already mentioned, Bulkeley was a member of a Hackettstown, New Jersey troop; O'Hare, of one in Saint Louis, Missouri; and Powers, in New York. Here are some of the others:

Colin P. Kelly, Army Captain, who lost his life sinking the Japanese battleship, *Haguro*; Second Class Scout, Madison, Florida.

Boyd Wagner, Army Lieutenant, known as first ace of World War II, who shot down five planes in the first two weeks of war; Star Scout, Johnstown, Pennsylvania.

Dean K. Wood, Army Lieutenant, led attack in Philippines though suffering from severe wounds; Scout from Seattle, Washington.

Francis Charles Flaherty, Naval Ensign, killed in action at Pearl Harbor; Scout from Charlotte, Michigan.

George E. Schaezel, Army Air Force Captain, decorated for bombing raids in Indian waters; Scout from Alhambra, California.

Edward C. Teats, Army Captain, cited for bombing attack at Lingayen; Scout from Aspinwall, Florida.

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Chester Carl Smith, Lieutenant Commander, meritorious conduct in submarine warfare; Scout from Boise, Idaho.

Joseph Lafleur, Army Lieutenant in Chaplain's Corps, worked among wounded under fire in Philippines; Scoutmaster in Abbeville, Louisiana.

Carl Gies, Army Lieutenant, set example for members of his air squadron in activity over Luzon; First Class Scout from Salem, Oregon.

George H. Sterling, Jr., Army Second Lieutenant, engaged six Jap planes; Scout from Syracuse, New York.

Frank L. O'Brien, Jr., Army Lieutenant, remained on ice floe in Arctic waters to enable plane to rescue marooned officer; Scout from Sugar Grove, Illinois.

Leroy Anderson, Army Sergeant, led tank attack on Bataan Peninsula, and continued on foot when his tank was disabled; Eagle Scout from Burlington, Wisconsin.

Capt. John Wheeler of the Cavalry, an Eagle Scout from Saint Paul, Minnesota; George Welch, Army Second Lieutenant, Star

Scout from Wilmington, Delaware; Grant Mahony, Army Lieutenant, Eagle Scout from Vallejo, California; Joseph Moore, Army Captain, Eagle Scout from Spartanburg, South Carolina; James Charles Dempsey, Navy Lieutenant, First Class Scout from New London, Connecticut.

And so they go! The list could be extended indefinitely, but this is enough to show that it is no accident or rare phenomenon to find, among the nation's heroes, men who were imbued with the ideals of Scouting in their boyhood.

For courage in the face of danger, nothing could excel the record of the nurses during the defense of Bataan Peninsula. Lieutenant Robert B. Kelly, a member of Bulkeley's outfit, tells of a scene in the hospital during a raid. A doctor was probing for a bomb splinter and all of a sudden the lights went out. The nurse produced a flashlight and held it over the patient's back. There was a bomb explosion that shook everything in the vicinity, except the beam from that nurse's lamp. It didn't even quiver. It has been remarked that the aim of the Japanese bombers is poor, on the whole, but that they are at their best when attacking hospitals. After such a raid, on April fourth, the Manila radio reported that it had been a mistake and would not happen again, but it did happen again three days later. The full story of the heroism shown by nurses and other hospital inmates on those occasions has yet to be told, as the Japanese captured the peninsula a few days later, and many were taken prisoner.

In the first ten months of the war, 2,250 soldiers, sailors, and marines received decorations for gallantry in action. More than seven times every day, on the average, somewhere in the Pacific, or the Atlantic, in the islands of the South Seas, or the Arctic, or the North Atlantic, young Americans have performed heroic deeds. Every one of these 2,250 incidents is worth telling, but I can only draw a few more from the small mountain of clippings which I have accumulated.

Lofton R. Henderson of Gary, Indiana, a major in the Marine Corps, led the first attack on the Japanese fleet at Midway. His plane was the first one hit, and it burst into flames. Seeing it was impossible to save himself, he dived down the smokestack of a Japanese plane carrier and destroyed it.

For reasons of military secrecy, no details have been given for the citation of William R. Roberts, Navy radioman, for heroism at Pearl Harbor, further than to say he displayed "courage, devotion to duty, gallant conduct, and disregard of personal safety."

Eugene Terry Yarborough, Army lieutenant, made two dangerous landings in the icy waters of Turn-again Arm, off Alaska, and rescued an Air Force officer from an ice floe that was crumbling in the treacherous tides and currents.

Donald E. Runyan, twenty-nine years old, of Crawfordsville, Indiana, made a score of eight Japanese planes downed, setting the pace in the fighting late last summer over the Solomon Islands. Two naval lieutenants in his squadron were worthy fellow-combatants, H. M. Jensen of Saint Paul, Minnesota, and Carlton Starkes of Memphis, Tennessee, with five each.

Private William E. Brown, twenty-five years old, of Blackfoot, Idaho, saved the lives of two companions in a plane operating at high altitude. They had been wounded and were lying helpless, their oxygen supply exhausted, and he took off his own mask, revived them, dragged them twenty feet to the oxygen tank

and saved their lives. His flight captain warned him of the danger, but he repeated the performance two days later.

Harold R. Hazelwood of Stark City, Missouri, corporal in the Marines, was operating the switchboard at the shore station on Midway when the Japs attacked. A shell struck the post building, knocked out the apparatus, fractured the corporal's leg, and fatally wounded Lieutenant George H. Cannon of Webster Grove, Missouri, who was in command. Cannon continued to give orders until he lost consciousness. Hazelwood crawled over to the switchboard and put it in working condition, operating it on his knees.

Mervyn Sharp Bennion was captain of the *West Virginia*, one of the ships which were lost when the Japanese raided Pearl Harbor. He was fatally wounded in the abdomen by a piece of shrapnel early in the battle, but refused to leave his post. Through the cooperation of his staff he prevented the ship from capsizing, and is credited with having saved the lives of a great many of his crew before he succumbed to his injuries.

John Cornelius Cullen is from Bayside Hills, Long Island, and is very much amused that anyone should call him a hero. He is the Coast Guard who, patrolling the beach one night last June, came upon four men digging in the sand. One of the strangers came over to Cullen, obviously very excited but apparently thinking there could be no harm in this youngster, who hardly looks his twenty-one years. The man said they were fishing and didn't want anyone to know about it, and here was \$300 for Cullen if he would just not say anything. Cullen agreed, got away as quickly as he could, and as soon as he was out of sight ran like the dickens for the Coast Guard Station, to report. As a result a gang of Nazi saboteurs was rounded up in a few weeks, a lot of explosives seized with which they had planned to blow up munition works, and most of the gang sent to the electric chair. "They weren't very smart or I wouldn't be here," Cullen said afterward. And to show that a Nazi can't be honest even when he is being crooked, he short-changed Cullen \$40, giving him only \$260 instead of the \$300 he said was in the roll.

Thousands more heroes are to be found in the Merchant Marine; officers and crews of the tankers that carry the oil and gasoline without which the planes and tanks would be worthless; officers and crews of the freighters which take food and supplies to England and Russia, and to our own forces overseas; ships that are hunted down by submarines and sea raiders and sunk without warning. One of these seamen, Edward F. Cheney of Yeadon, Pennsylvania, was decorated and specially

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commended by the President, who said the young man "had shown great gallantry in rescuing his comrades from the oily waters of the sea after their ship had been torpedoed."

Then there is, finally, that outfit of iron men of the cruiser *Marblehead*, and the story of the way they made a liar out of the Japanese radio. Tokyo reports said the *Marblehead* was sunk in the battle of Macassar Strait. It wasn't true! The *Marblehead* had lost its steering wheel, its rudder was wrecked, its sick bay was blown out of existence, it had a thousand holes and leaks and parted seams in its armor plate, but it was a ship that wouldn't die. It had been attacked by twenty-seven planes, in three waves, at a time when American air power in that area was extremely deficient—but they couldn't sink the *Marblehead*. She couldn't be steered, but she ran around in circles so that it was difficult to hit her any more, and she was listing to such a degree that when the Japs had no more bombs or gasoline they felt it was safe enough to report that the cruiser had been sunk.

But they were wrong! Captain Arthur G. Robinson steered his ship with its propellers, speeding one and slowing the other to make his course. He managed to reach a port on the southern end of Java, where there were almost no repair facilities, but where enough patching could be done to enable him to go on. Then the *Marblehead* limped to Ceylon, where Captain Robinson was able to get a little more work done, and to South Africa where they did some more mending. Then on came the *Marblehead* across the Atlantic—the boat that wouldn't die, home safe if not sound—and now she is being put into perfect condition to go back and get her revenge.

Captain Robinson at one stage of this odyssey, was on the bridge of the *Marblehead* for sixty hours straight—four days and a half. He said that the most noticeable thing about the voyage was the cheerfulness of the crew. Some of the men received decorations, all received the highest praise. One man who was decorated was the Chinese cook, Fook Liang, who was on the job, it seemed, incessantly, and always immaculately dressed. Also decorated was Claud Becker, twenty-four years old, of Sparks, Nevada, of whom the citation says, "He assisted in moving powder from compartments adjacent to bomb fires, and by his strength and tenacity opened a hot and heavy hatch, permitting the escape of men trapped below deck."

So here are some of our heroes, your heroes and mine, typical Americans, never more completely American than in their moments of great decision and high achievement.

BEAUTY and JOB HUNTING

appearance. The long bob is definitely out for war workers in production plants and for women who wear uniforms. Long hair would be a nuisance, and might even be dangerous to a girl working at a machine. For the sake of efficiency, fingernails should be short, and bright red polish is out of place in a war plant. Flamboyant make-up is likewise considered bad taste. There is no fixed rule about clothes, except that whatever you wear should be sturdy and workable. Some war factories provide their girl employees with uniforms. Others suggest that you bring slacks with you and change at the factory."

A woman who served on the board to select the officer candidates for the first Amer-

ican woman's army told of a young woman who was "made over" by the board. "A young woman appeared before us who had definite leadership qualities," she related. "Her appearance, however, was that of a wallflower—her hair was too long and untidy, her hat was old and out-of-date, her dress too short. As she left the room, we, on the board, remarked that she was an excellent candidate, but that she would never pass Washington with her appearance. On the spur of the moment, we decided to speak to her and see if we could help her improve her appearance. She agreed to let us take charge of transforming her, and we ar-

(Continued on page 45)



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"FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS"
Winning Title for the November
"NAME-YOUR-OWN" COMIC



Five hundred and sixty-eight girls submitted one thousand one hundred and sixty-one titles for the ninth "Name-Your-Own" Comic drawing by Orson Lowell published in the November issue.

One hundred and twenty-three girls submitted the winning title, "For Whom the Bell Tolls," and prizes will be awarded to the four whose entries were first received. (Several variations of the winning title were disqualified because of differences in wording.) The four prize-winners, each of whom will receive a book, are Barbara Leet, aged twelve, of Minneapolis, Minnesota; Eileen Early, aged twelve, of Schenectady, New York; Lois Fox, aged eleven, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa; and Sheila Ackroyd, of Willoughby, Ohio.

Sheila's letter says: "In the picture only Hitler, Hirohito, and Mussolini are shown. (I didn't spell Benito's last name right and don't wish to!) But I think it (the bell) tolls for us, too, even though in a different manner. It says to collect scrap, eat good foods, save fats, electricity, gas, and rubber." (Editor's Note: Good for Sheila!)

Other good titles were "Let Freedom Ring Their Necks," "The Crack of Doom," "Hear To-day, Gone To-morrow," "Give Us Liberty and Give Them Death," and "Taps for Japs."



"CARRY ME BACK—"

SENECA, SOUTH CAROLINA: Oh, dear Editor, please grab and print any story that is half as good as that serial which never will be excelled, *Sky Rabbits Unlimited!* Red-headed, spectacled Yes-We-Can-Janey is also interesting. Lucy Ellen is one of my favorites—and, oh, that Dilsey! How I enjoyed *Cottage Cheese* which was printed lately. It is one of the best Dilsey stories I have read.

I am thirteen years old, and was born at the famous Natural Bridge in Virginia. My home has been near Roanoke—same State—for nine years, but I went to boarding school in South Carolina last year, and this year I'm going to high school not so very far from my last year's school. But about every six months, "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny!"

My hobbies are reading *THE AMERICAN GIRL*—nice hobby, eh?—writing stories for my own enjoyment, and still better, playing classical music on the piano. Beethoven is my favorite composer and I believe Bach comes second—but I don't know. Paderewski's famous *Minuet* makes that genius dear to my heart. The piece I love most is Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata*.

Julia Rose Wright

DEEP IN THE BLUES

NEW YORK, NEW YORK: As I am an only daughter, I am sometimes very lonely. That's where *THE AMERICAN GIRL* comes in. Just the other day when I was "deep in the blues" the postman delivered my last copy, for my subscription was up. But, anyway, I was cheered up for a while.

My hobby is collecting stamps, and so the first thing I read is the stamp page which is always interesting. Daddy just ordered a new subscription for me, so please hurry and send it.

You are doing swell work, so keep it up.
Eva Nash

THE INDEX

WINONA, MINNESOTA: For Christmas every year my sister and I always get our subscription to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* renewed. I can't begin to tell you how useful and enjoyable I have found this magazine.

I have used *THE AMERICAN GIRL* in all my school studies—the articles on vocations in English class, *In Step With The Times* in American history.

Because this magazine is so helpful in school work, I am glad that you have begun indexing the articles. My sister and I have

saved all our magazines since 1937—and once we were going to make an index file for our own personal use, but we just never got around to doing it; so you can see how we appreciate this new system. It is wonderful to be able to look in only one magazine to find articles wanted, instead of having to sit down and thumb through magazine after magazine.

Frances La Londe

HOMESICK

WACO, TEXAS: I've been taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for a year. I've enjoyed it so much that I intend to renew my subscription. The stories I like best are those about Yes-We-Can-Janey, Dilsey, Midge, and Lucy Ellen. I also like the *Name Your Own Comics*.

My father is a Government worker, and so I'm not really from Waco. I'm from Kansas City, Missouri. I'll certainly be glad when the war is over, so we can go home.

I am thirteen years old, in the ninth grade, and I go to the West Junior High School. My hobby is collecting pictures of movie stars, and I've also just begun to collect rocks and minerals. I find it a very interesting pastime.

I used to be a Girl Scout before I came to Texas. They don't have a single troop here in Waco. I was awfully disappointed when I found that out.

I had a cat named Sammy, but I had to leave him in Kansas City. I miss him so.

Margie Bullock

GOOD TIMES IN BRAZIL

SÃO PAULO, BRAZIL: This magazine is swell! I have been receiving it for nearly two years and enjoy it very much. Of all the stories published, the one I most liked was *The Desert Calling*. I hope other stories of the same type will be published in the future.

My favorite hobbies are horseback riding and rowing. I enjoy the first sport when I go to our farm where there are fifteen horses, tennis, volleyball, and croquet courts, a swimming pool, waterfalls, etc. I usually row at a club in the country where there is a huge artificial lake.

I'm fourteen and in a Brazilian school. Before entering it, I studied at an American school for four years. I know most of the Americans here and belong to one of the groups. I also have my Brazilian gang.

Right now I'm practising for a Portuguese dance which is one of the numbers of many in the benefit of the Brazilian Red Cross.

A penny for your thoughts



Most of the girls from the society are taking part. I'm also a member of the American Junior Red Cross.

I belong to both American and Brazilian groups on account of having an American father and a Brazilian mother. I look American, though—the only Brazilian appearances I have are my black eyes and tanned skin. By my auburn hair people can tell I'm American and also by my American clothes.

One thing I like very much—and am learning little by little—is languages. I know only English and Portuguese well, but I am learning French and German. Well, here's hoping *THE AMERICAN GIRL* will continue in the future to be as good as it has been till now.

Doris May Wilkins

WING SCOUTS

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS: Just about the newest thing in Girl Scouting, I think, is the Wing Scouts.

Last night the first meeting of the Wing Scouts was held at the Technical High School here in Springfield. It was the very first one held in New England, and I was so very glad I could go. Every Senior Girl Scout, fifteen years of age or older, can become a Wing Scout with her parents' permission. It's great!

Although I am not now a Girl Scout, I will become one—and then on into Wing Scouts. I think every girl interested in aviation, as every girl should be in these times, should try to become a Wing Scout if at all possible.

Before I close I must say something about our magazine, *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I love it, every article, story, and joke. I was so pleased when Mother renewed my subscription for two years.

Ruth M. Taylor

NANCY'S AMBITION

KANSAS CITY, KANSAS: For the last year, each copy of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* has been received with shouts of joy. I enjoy every bit of it. I would like very much to write as well as the authors in our magazine do, for I am seriously thinking of becoming a Foreign Correspondent when I grow up. I would like it very much if we could have an article about the writing profession.

I am thirteen years old and go to Northwest Junior High School. I am not a Girl Scout, but I have wanted to be one ever since I read about the interesting things they do.

Nancy Lee Scrivner

BEAUTY AND JOB HUNTING

ranged to have her hair done and one of us went shopping with her to select a becoming outfit. Anxiously, we all waited to see whether or not she would come through as winner. Well, the Selection Board gave a party for the winning candidates, and our girl came through with flying colors and was the most sought-after girl at the party."

To sum up: When you're job hunting, try to look like the job you're after. If you want to be a designer, or a fashion writer, wear something striking and original, but in the very best of taste. Wear a dark costume with white collar and cuffs if you want to be a secretary. Wear tweeds and low heeled shoes if you want to be a newspaper woman, or a social worker. Look chic and tailored for an advertising job, and very *soignée* for a receptionist's rôle. Have a short hair-do, short fingernails, and, in general, a neat, orderly appearance for a war-factory job. And whatever the job you're looking for, be immaculately groomed, seams straight, shoes polished, gloves clean, clothes well brushed, and no missing buttons or crooked belts.

Of course, this isn't quite everything, for—as the survey showed—there's much more to beauty than meets the eye. One employer, for instance, who has hired hundreds of girls in his time, says that the one thing that turns him against an applicant is a tendency toward nervous facial expressions. "A girl who twitches her eyes or mouth, or dilates her nostrils, or tweaks her nose, or curls her hair around her finger, or—horrors!—bites her fingernails, is out so far as I'm concerned. She may be a champion typist and a brilliant, conscientious worker, but I wouldn't have her working for me, not for anything. A girl like that would be sure to give everyone she worked with a case of jitters before very long."

And there is also the employer who thinks good speech is more important than anything else. "I wouldn't think of hiring a secretary whose speech was poor," said this one. "In a secretarial job, so much depends upon being able to speak well and distinctly over the telephone. A high-pitched or nasal voice would be a distinct mark against a girl and, of course, any speech defect, such as a lisp or a stutter, would put her completely out of the running. I once hired a secretary, without interviewing her, purely on the recommendation of a friend. Before I had a chance to talk with her, I was called out of town on urgent business, and I left my office entirely in her hands. Upon my return, I was amazed to find how efficiently, even brilliantly, she handled the job and was about to congratulate myself for following a wise impulse when I overheard her talking on the telephone in



NO LANK HAIR-DOS, NO MASCARA ON EYELASHES, NO OVER-MADE-UP MOUTH!

the outer office. She had a bad speech defect—a kind of whistling s—which made it hard for anyone to concentrate on what she was saying; and when I mentioned this to her, she confided, on the verge of tears, that it had been her Waterloo in the case of many jobs. I encouraged her to attend a class in corrective speech in the evening, and in six weeks her speech was almost perfect. Today,

that young lady is a successful business executive, and to any girl looking forward to a career in the business world, my advice would be, 'Equip yourself with good speech before starting out.'"

Here is something you can begin to work on while you are still in school.* Most high schools and colleges today offer courses in speech, and the dramatic clubs give you a further opportunity for practice.

Your posture, too, will be important when you're being scanned by a prospective employer, and you can do a lot to improve it with the help of your school's physical training courses and extracurricular athletic activities and posture and walking exercises.

If you are suffering from a blemished skin, begin while you are in school to clear it up. You can have a clear complexion if you take care of it. A blemished skin should be washed with a grainy preparation that cleanses and provides friction for the skin. A good cream should be used to lubricate the skin and a medicated cream overnight to help heal blemishes.

You can begin, too, to learn the art of make-up, so that when you go out in the business world, your make-up will look like part of you instead of resembling a coat of war paint. Here are a few important principles of make-up to observe when you are job hunting—and for that matter, all the time:

Always be sure your face is completely clean before applying new make-up—otherwise you run the risk of looking blotchy and artificial. If your skin is sallow or blemished, wear a foundation to give it freshness and color—not a heavy coating foundation, but a light film for your powder to cling to. Match your powder carefully to the tone of your skin and apply it with fresh absorbent cotton, removing any excess. Stay away from dark theatrical make-up colors for your lipstick and rouge, and wear a pure, young-looking color. After you apply your lipstick, blot your lips with cleansing tissues to keep your mouth from looking heavily made-up.

Just one more thing. When you do land that all-important job, don't relax with a sigh of relief and a "Well, that's that!" attitude, and from then on discard everything you ever learned about appearance, speech, posture, clothes, etc. Careers aren't made that way. Remember that one hundred and fifty employers can't be wrong, and that every single one of them agreed that the girl who gets ahead in business is the girl who looks neat, clean, and attractive all the time.

*Read "Your Voice and You," by Helen Grigby Doss, in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for July, 1942.

HOW TO RAISE \$10 OR MORE FOR YOUR TROOP

Wouldn't you like to be of special service to your club or troop by devoting some of your spare time to a practical and mutually beneficial plan for raising funds?

Wouldn't you like to know how our successful AMERICAN GIRL-QUAINT SHOP PLAN enabled girls to raise over FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS last year?

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AS FOLLOWS:

Please tell me about the American Girl-Quaint Shop Plan for raising money. My inquiry puts me under no obligation.

VICTORY FUND
CAMPAIGN RETURNS

It was planned to announce the results of the Victory Fund campaign on December seventh. Complete figures are not as yet available, but we are pleased to announce that incomplete returns have passed the \$40,700 mark and are climbing fast. The February American Girl will announce final results of the campaign.

MERRILY SHE RODE ALONG

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

all the branches of the Woman's League for Civil and Social Betterment to hold their convention here in our little town, I promised them a taste of the real West. I was sure I could get the same folks who put on that simply wonderful chuck wagon supper to come up here and put one on for us. Don't you remember when the University Women held their convention in Denver that that was the one event they talked of most—that open-air barbecue supper served from the end of a chuck wagon? I tell you I'm sick—just sick to think that this outfit we thought would serve us, has let us down."

Em sat up straight. She was all tingling attention. Without so much as an "I beg your pardon for interrupting," she asked, "Is it a chuck-wagon supper you want served to you—whatever-it-is club?"

"The Woman's League for Social and Civic Betterment," the woman said. "Yes, we're holding a convention here from fourteen States. There'll be approximately a hundred for the supper we planned for Saturday night—the one that has just been called off. We even offered these chuck-wagon people a hundred and fifty dollars if they'd provide the supper and the evening's entertainment."

KIP O'MALLEY was frying eggs in a skillet over an outdoor fire and keeping the coffee pot from tipping over, while Windy, sitting on the wagon tongue, was adding extra lustre to his fancy boots and holding forth about Hollywood calling and opportunity knocking, when Em, all flushed and out of breath, came hurrying up.

"Kip, I've found a way to make the money—and we won't have to sell Pal o' Mine or Bunker Bay! Why, it was just like an answer to prayer. Imagine, a hundred and fifty dollars—and I think we ought to clear almost a hundred because the critter you barbecue will be the biggest item. Beans don't cost much—and neither does rice for the Panther Track pudding!"

"A hundred and fifty dollars. Rice for the Panther Track," Kip repeated dazedly.

"When I told them Panther Track pudding, and that it was rice and raisins and molasses—"

"And canned milk," put in Windy, "and most folks skimp on the raisins."

"—they thought it sounded so colorful and Western," Em tripped on, "and, of course, coffee. I know where I can borrow a wash boiler for it. Yes, they thought our menu was quite unique."

Kip said, "Okay, the menu is unique. But what in blazes are you talking about?"

"Oh, I thought I made it clear that—"

"As clear as a waterhole in late August."

"Well, I was sitting outside the library on a bench, worrying about paying Uncle Haze's hospital bills, and then I heard these two women talking. And honest, it was just like—"

"Just like an answer to prayer," Kip prompted, "but advance the ball a little, can't you?"

"They were simply pining away because they'd planned to throw a chuck-wagon supper for the gathering of this—well, it's a club for bettering something or somebody."

"Just like women," said Windy Lathrop, "always wantin' to better somethin'! They'd oughta stay home and cook."

"And so I spoke up real quick—I didn't have time to think what I was saying. I said,

'My partner and I are famous for our cooking!' Look out, Kip, your eggs are burning."

Kip picked up the smoking skillet, and, slowly, understanding came into his eyes. "Sure, we got the chuck wagon and everything right here. What did you say they'd pay, Em? Did you say a dollar, four-bits a head? My grandmother's bustle, that's a hundred and fifty bucks! That'd see us through, neat as a tied calf."

"A hundred and fifty bucks is what I figured would be a tidy little sum to get me out to Hollywood in the style to which I am accustomed," put in Windy. "That's what I figured I'd let my hucksin go at."

"You'd only be making a hundred and eight dollars' profit, seeing as how you picked him up for forty-two," Kip said. But his mind swerved back to the matter at hand. "What else did you tell them besides barbecued meat? I can go out in the country and pick up a critter on the hoof and dress it myself."

"Don't forget to rub it good with salt and onion. Ain't nobody knows more about barbecuin' than me," Windy reminded them.

"And bean hole beans, I told them," Em said. "Oh, and we mustn't forget—we have to provide color and romance of the old West. Got to do some roping and riding stunts."

"That's where I'll shine," Windy said largely. "But how about rolls, or biscuits? Got to have somethin' for waddin'."

"Goodness, I didn't think about that," Em said worriedly. "We couldn't turn out biscuits for that many, could we, Kip?"

Kip shook his head. "What we ought to have—to make it authentic—is salt-risin' rolls."

Em whistled. "They'd stump me—it'd take about two hundred, at least. I suppose we could get them from a baker, but they'd cost more and they wouldn't be regular covered-wagon rolls."

"Now, take Maw," Windy said. "Why, Maw could turn out a couple hundred rolls, light as a feather, and crusty as—"

"As her own son," murmured Em, for Kip's ears only.

But Kip missed it for he was staring off down the street. He murmured in amazement, "Look, Em, do you see the same thing I see?"

Em turned and saw a buxom, motherly figure coming toward them, up the tree-shaded street. "Maw Lathrop!" she cried delightedly. "Why, Maw, you coming right now is just like an—"

"Like an answer to prayer," finished Kip O'Malley. But Em knew that Maw Lathrop's appearance was really an answer to the telephone message which she, Em, had sent her regarding her son's whereabouts.

"Could you stay over Saturday, Maw Lathrop, and make a couple of hundred salt-rising rolls for a convention of Civic and Social Women Betterers?" she asked when the greetings were over.

His mother's appearance had taken ninety per cent of the strut out of Windy. "Now listen here, Maw," he said plaintively, "you needn't think you're goin' to come up here and drag me home. Just as I told you, I got my own life to lead. I can't be hampered by no apron strings. The world's ahead of me."

Maw took off her hat with the blue roses, which Em remembered helping her select from a mail order catalog two springs back,

and smoothed her graying hair. "I didn't come up here to drag you home," she said equably. "It was kind of nice to cook up two days' victuals ahead and not have them gobbled up before they was fairly cooled. I come up to visit my old friend Mattie, and to see how Uncle Haze is making out. Have you found out who the skunk is, Em, that shot him and then sneaked off in the dark?"

"No," Em answered, "and I have the most worried, unfinished feeling about it."

"Nothin' to worry about," said Windy philosophically. "I figure that bullet shot was a blessin' in disguise. He needed a little change and rest—same as which is always invigoratin'. That's what I figure about goin' out to Hollywood—travel is broadenin'."

Em said, "Maw Lathrop, about this chuck-wagon supper. I spoke up so big and promised to serve them and provide Western entertainment—but now I'm wondering if maybe I didn't open my mouth and put my foot in it."

"What made you speak up so quick, Em?" Maw asked.

"We've been so desperate, trying to figure out how to pay Uncle Haze's expenses. Only don't breathe it to him."

Maw said comfortably, "Two, three hundred rolls ain't many for me to make. Don't you worry none about them."

Kip was planning aloud. "I know a farmer where I can buy beans cheap—only we'll have to pick them over careful, they're so full of little rocks."

"Don't want to go breakin' any fillin's out of the Civil Women's teeth," Maw said.

"I'll go up to this place after supper," Kip went on, "and look it over and see where to set up the barbecue pit, and figure the best place to pull up the wagon. You got the address, Em?"

"Um-hum, here it is. She said they had beautiful, spacious grounds, and an outdoor fireplace that we can use for making coffee."

Kip stood staring at the address. Em said, "The lady said it's the big white house with the high hedge around it and the winding driveway. Do you suppose there'll be room to drive the wagon in?"

Kip's voice was strained. "Yeh, there'll be room—plenty of room."

"You've been there, have you, Kip?"

"Yeh, I've been there."

"Oh," Em said, and knew from the look on Kip's face that this was the home of Daphne Doolittle. Why, of course! She remembered Mary Beth saying, "Daphne's mother is so busy clubbing—"

Suddenly all the joy of planning went out of the venture. Daphne's gushing, her little pretensions were there, spoiling the honest earthiness of the whole thing. Em knew exactly what Kip was thinking. Daphne's idea of a Western cowboy was one who sorted calves, not beans, who wielded a rope, not a barbecue fork.

"I didn't know it was the Doolittle home," she said stiffly. "Maybe she gave me her name, but I didn't pay much attention. We don't need to go through with it. I can call it off. I can tell Mrs. Doolittle that my—partner—has other plans."

Kip answered with angry stubbornness, "Don't talk foolishness. Who said anything about calling it off? We're going right ahead."

Still another visitor—or rather, onlooker—came to the chuck wagon. As Em turned

(Continued on page 48)

LAUGH AND GROW SCOUT



Isms

The teacher had explained the various phases of Communism, Fascism, and Nazism. Then turning to one of the students, he said, "John, what would you do with these isms?"

"I'd make them all wasms," came the prompt reply. — *Sent by HELEN CLARKE, North Adams, Massachusetts.*

Curiosity

MOTHER: Do stop asking questions, Sonny. Curiosity killed the cat, you know.

SONNY (silent one minute): What did the cat want to know? — *Sent by BETTY WILLIAMS, Wakefield, Michigan.*

Naturally

TEACHER: Billy, use the word mechanize in a sentence.

BILLY: The soldier boys were mechanize at the girls. — *Sent by CLAIRE RICHEY, Bloomfield, New Jersey.*

No Sale

BETTY: There's an old clothes man at the door.

SISTER (fretfully): Tell him we have all we need. — *Sent by INEZ JAUCH, Springfield, Oregon.*



Prince of Privilege

JIM: Do you know what the rich flea did?

JACK: No.

JIM: He bought himself a dog. — *Sent by CAROLYN WOLF, Winnetka, Ill.*

The Prize-Winning Joke



You Never Can Tell!

HOUSEWIFE: I don't need none.

SALESMAN: How do you know? I might be selling grammars. — *Sent by JANE DIETRICH, Bremen, Indiana.*

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

How About It?

A farmer visited his son's college. While watching the students in a chemistry class, he was told they were looking for a universal solvent. "What's that?" he asked.

"A fluid that will dissolve anything."

"That's a great idea," agreed the farmer. "And when you find it, what are you going to keep it in?" — *Sent by LEONTINE HANLEY, Utica, New York.*

Dangerous

SON: Dad, we learned at school today that the animals have a new fur coat every winter.

FATHER: Be quiet!

Your mother is in the next room. — *Sent by FLORIS KUNTZ, Hollidays Cove, West Virginia.*



Unfilial Conduct

JIMMY: Say, did you hear about the big fight?

BILL: No, what was it?

JIMMY: A kitten licked his paw. — *Sent by BARRIE TAIT, Cresskill, New Jersey.*

High Powered

BUSINESSMAN: What do you do with all these pictures you paint?

MODERNISTIC ARTIST: Why, I sell them.

BUSINESSMAN: You do? Well, then, name your terms! I've been looking for a salesman like you for years. — *Sent by SHIRLEY JONES, Wichita, Kansas.*

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Rules for the

"NAME-YOUR-OWN" COMICS CONTEST

The girl who submits the most appropriate title for this month's "Name-Your-Own" Comic on page 36 will receive a BOOK as a prize.

The title must fit the picture. Brevity will be a point in favor of any title. Each competitor may send as many titles as she chooses, but please print the titles on separate slips of paper and include with each title, on the same slip of paper, your name, address, age, and date. When a title submitted by more than one person proves to be the winner, the prize goes to the entry received first. Address your entries to the "Name-Your-Own" Comics Editor, c/o THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th Street, New York City.

You do not have to be a subscriber to enter the contest. Entries must be mailed by January fifteenth. The winners will be announced in the March issue.

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FREE!!! Pony Express Set (facsimiles). Postage 3c.
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AN APOLOGY

Apologies are due to Mr. Bradshaw Crandell, painter of the Girl Scout Minute Maid poster reproduced as the cover of the November, 1942 AMERICAN GIRL, for failure to print in that issue a notice stating that the poster painting was given without charge to the Treasury Department and to the Girl Scouts by the artist, as a contribution to the War effort. The Editors of THE AMERICAN GIRL sincerely regret this omission, due to an oversight.

A Correction

The apologies of THE AMERICAN GIRL are due the Omaha, Nebraska Girl Scouts for an error in a caption on the picture spread in the December issue, which credits a photograph of a group of Omaha troop members to the Girl Scouts of Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

MERRILY SHE RODE ALONG

to leave, for it was almost dinner hour at the dorm, she saw Christopher Hart standing on the corner. He said absently, a little crossly, "Been waiting over at the dorm for you. Wanted to talk over this idea of mine to do a feature about you. Only it won't jell. Thought maybe you might toss out a thought about it."

"I've nary a thought left, or anything to think with," Em admitted. "I'm a saturate solution of chuck-wagon supper plans." And she bubbled over about barbecue sauce and where she thought they could get tin plates and how she must practice up on some of her fancy roping. "Talk about being rusty—I expect my arm to break."

They were in front of the dorm now. Christopher shook her arm in excitement. "Em, that's it—that's a natural. I'll get pictures of you putting on this feed: I'll play up that you can cook and serve a chuck-wagon supper to a hundred, and then, quite untired and untouched, hold everyone spell-bound doing fancy roping. I've got my title—can't you see it strung across the page of color pictures, 'Merrily She Rode Along.'"

Em hurried to the dorm, treading the clouds. It was wonderful to feel you were worthy of a feature article called, "Merrily She Rode Along."

Mary Beth was standing in the doorway. "Em, don't be loitering over these sweet nothings of Chris's. Here's a nurse who has something to tell you."

JILL ANGLES IN

ended and Andy pulled up the shades to let the sunshine in again, Chet beamed at the others. "Great stuff, eh?"

Jill could not agree. "The filming is nice and the acting's all right, but I don't like *Love 'Em and Leave 'Em* any better than I did the first day."

"What do you know about box office appeal?" Chet bristled. "Everything's just a camera angle to you. You've read a few books on movie-making. So what? Maybe you'd like to be president of the club!"

She tried to set him straight. "It's just that I want so much for the club to have a good movie."

Chet's temper was up. "And you don't think *Love 'Em* is good? You think you know everything because your dad's principal of the school!"

"Oh, don't fight," begged Margie. "Anyway it's time to start."

Andy snapped on the rewind of the projector. "We can knock off in a sec. The entry's ready and in good time, too." He glanced at the calendar and Jill's eyes followed his.

She went over to study the rules for the dozzenth time. Everything must be perfect about their entry.

"Come on," Chet spoke from the doorway. Jill started to follow the others, then she paused. She gave Margie a little push. "You go on with the boys. Get someone else in my place. I'm sorry, Andy, but I've decided not to go."

"You can't break dates with me!" Andy was provoked. "Let's get going."

Jill merely shook her head.

"You're spoiling the party, Jill," Margie pouted. "I think you are awfully mean."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

It was the nurse Em had met in Uncle Haze's room. She managed to say, around the frightened thudding in her throat, "Is Uncle Haze—worse?"

"No. His condition is about the same. But I have something which I think I should report to you. Something very serious."

This afternoon, the nurse said, after her hours off duty, she went into Uncle Haze's room to give him his tonic. She had picked up the bottle from his bedside stand and measured out the dose and was about to give it to him, when she noticed a queer smell. Some one had evidently been in, while Uncle Haze slept soundly in the darkened room, and substituted bottles.

"Do you recognize this at all?" the nurse asked, holding out the bottle of colorless liquid. Em whiffed it thoughtfully. "It smells a little like the disinfectant we use on the plains for barbed-wire cuts, or hatchet gashes."

"It's poison, no doubt," the nurse said grimly. "It looks to me like it was put there by some one with a sinister purpose. Have you any idea who would do such a thing?"

Em could only shake her head. "No," she said shakily. "but please—oh, please—watch over him carefully."

"Indeed, I will," the nurse promised, "and I'll tell the floor matron about it. We'll see that no one goes down his corridor unless we know who it is."

(To be concluded)

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

Chet said, "What do we care whether she goes or not? If she's sore about what I said, she's a poor sport."

Let him think what he liked, just so long as they hurried off and left her alone in the club room, Jill thought. She had work to do!

Andy protested some more, then stamped off with the others. When the footsteps of the three sounded down the hall, Jill, trembling at her own audacity, closed the door and turned to the reels of film.

JILL had seen the lights of the house where Andy Craig lived go out some time before, but she kept on working. Now that she had started this thing, she had to see it through. Again she jerked down the handle that clamped the two ends of film together. The splicing was almost automatic now. She had worked every minute over the week end, except when she did her usual household tasks, and now it was Sunday night.

There, that was all she could do now! She rolled into bed to toss about in a dream in which movie cuttings, fathers, and school boards were all tumbled together like a photomontage.

"What on earth was that thumping noise in your room that went on until the wee small hours last night—and the night before that, and the night before that?" Dad asked at breakfast, putting a scant spoonful of sugar into his coffee and stirring hard.

"Oh, I borrowed the Movie Makers' splicer and was trying it out!" Jill hoped her voice sounded casual.

Dad finished his breakfast, crumpled his napkin. "Come on, Jill, if you want to ride with me and my Share-a-Car Club and get to school early, as you said."

Jill pulled on a sweater and stuck a green beret on the back of her red head. She staggered to the car, lugging film cans, splicing board, and other movie-making paraphernalia.

At school, she had a precious half hour at the projector before she heard someone coming up to the club room door. She pretended to be stuffing the fiber shipping case with crumpled newspapers to protect the film cans.

Chet came in, chewing on a hunk of peanut brittle, and gave her a muffled greeting. Margie and Andy were behind him and they both said, "Hi!"

"You missed a good time Friday," Margie chirped.

"Jill!" Andy faced her firmly. "You haven't explained what heavy date made you break the one you had with me."

"I was just busy," Jill's fingers shook as she buckled the strap on the case.

"She was busy all week end, too," fumed Margie. "Didn't have a minute for little me. And she cut First Aid class on Saturday."

"You'll just have to believe me," begged Jill. "I can't explain yet." Oh, why had she got into all this? She caught up the shipping case and went down the corridor to her father's office.

She plopped the case down on the desk. "The Movie Makers' entry for the contest, Dad. The express company will pick it up here."

Dad had on his school principal look, kind but scholarly. "Do you realize that you may not hear the results of the contest for weeks—perhaps not until after your premiere and the end of school?"

"I explained about the premiere and asked them to send the reels back in time," she answered—and fled, again aghast at her own daring. Her heart thumped like a film off its sprockets. Would Chet and Andy put her out of the club when they knew what she had done?

She dreaded meeting the boys. Keeping out of Chet's way was easy enough for she never saw him except at the Movie Makers' gatherings, and they were not having regular meetings now, each member just doing some assigned task for the premiere. But she and Andy had always walked to and from school together—though not any more. Since the broken date Andy had taken to riding his bicycle. "It's quicker," he explained fatuously as he rode off the next morning, leaving Jill behind. Her own bicycle, as Andy well knew, was in need of expensive repairs.

Well, he was still angry. But at least he wasn't going to discuss the club entry with her. That was a relief.

As the days went by, Jill's thoughts nagged her. Had the entry come back? Had it won a prize? She pocketed her pride and waylaid Andy to ask him if the entry had been returned.

"The entry?" he repeated and tripped the bell on his bicycle needlessly. Then he made the remark that was fast becoming a classic, "Don't you worry your red head about that!"

Zing, he was off. Jill stared unbelievably after him. What on earth was the matter with him? He hadn't answered her question, and he had sounded so gruff. It wasn't like Andy to be so offended over just a broken date.

The days dragged. Jill was almost grateful when exams took up her time. How she dreaded the premiere! Andy had asked her, way last fall, to go with him, and to the party that would follow. Would he break this date, as she had broken the other one?

A LETTER FROM THE WESTBURYS—LOYAL SUBSCRIBERS AND SCOUTS



IOWA FALLS, IOWA: Congratulations to THE AMERICAN GIRL! When the September issue announced the twenty-fifth anniversary of the magazine and gave the preview of the picture of a mother showing her khaki uniform to her 1942 daughter--my daughters and I decided to have a picture, too! So we got out the earliest RALLIES and AMERICAN GIRLS, I got out my one-piece khaki uniform, new in 1924--I no longer owned a two-piece one and had lost the flat-topped hat--the girls put on their Scout and Brownie uniforms, and we asked a friend to flash-shoot us.

I am holding the September 1942 AMERICAN GIRL and the first number, June 1920. Sheila Ann, my Girl Scout daughter, is holding two small RALLIES of 1918 and a March 1920 copy of THE RALLY. The Brownie has the August 1918 issue, and the May 1920 issue announcing the change of name from THE RALLY to THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Looking back to war service, then as now, I joined the Girl Scouts during the summer of 1918, when I was twelve; bought war bonds, folded bandages, saved food, etc., and learned to knit. This summer finds my twelve-year-old daughter doing much the same things, but she has already had two years of Girl Scouting and three years of Brownie Scouting. Five years ahead of her mother at that age!

As a Scout, a leader, and a mother, THE AMERICAN GIRL is still my favorite magazine. My subscription expires in February, and I confess that I can't decide whether it should then be in my name, or my daughter's, or a joint subscription. After all, I have taken it personally since 1924 and have a complete file since then--part of them bound. I hope my three girls will enjoy them as much as I have.

Dorothy Welden Westbury

Well, she wouldn't wait for him when the big night came. She would go to the premiere anyway with her sister Leila and with Dad.

When the night for which the Movie Makers had planned so long arrived, Jill stood at the closet door in her bedroom, her first truly grown-up evening frock on a hanger in her hand. Leila, passing by, spied her, "You're not going to wear that, are you? Imagine those orchid ruffles in the projection booth!"

"It's not only the premiere--there's the

party afterward in the gym," Jill explained. She thought bitterly, "I probably won't be in the projection booth, anyway!"

Leila went out, and Jill dressed with leisurely care. As she flipped the powder puff over her nose, she heard a rattling noise. There was no mistaking the sound. It was Andy's jalopy--"a fugitive from a scrap metal drive," was the way he described it. He used it only on special occasions now, but tonight was a special occasion.

Her heart leaped as she heard him back

out of the driveway next door; and when she heard him stop in front of her house, get out, and come up the steps to the porch, she started hastily downstairs.

Leila hurried to the door and she did not conceal her astonishment. "Why, hello, Andy!" Jill's observant sister had noticed that Andy had stopped dropping in.

He gave his usual greeting, "Hello, everybody!"

"Gulp," said Jill out loud to herself to show her surprise. She hadn't expected Andy to appear.

"You look swell, Jill," he said as she entered the living room. This from Andy who never noticed girls! Her tenseness oozed away. Then he wasn't going to stay provoked. Maybe he understood that she had a good reason for breaking that date with him.

Andy drove slowly, silently, and Jill sat blissfully beside him. As they went through the town she caught thrilling glimpses of the posters, featuring "stills" of the cast made by the Camera Club, which announced the premiere. When they approached the school, she saw that the steps were lighted with gigantic shielded spotlights, pointing like transparent golden fingers to another poster:

FIRST PRESENTATION
of the
MOVIE MAKERS
TONIGHT

As Andy wriggled the battered old car into the rapidly filling parking space, he remarked, "I had hoped we could get here early. But I was er-busy."

"I know," Jill answered. "If only *Love 'Em and Leave 'Em* were worthy of all this trouble and work!" she thought.

In the halls, small fry were hopping about, autograph albums clutched in their hands. A dozen glamour girls of the junior class looked like a bunch of color-film flowers in the bright evening gowns they wore as ushers.

Jill looked around and saw that the ticket committee had done a good job. The whole town had turned out! The audience, dressed in its best, seemed aware that an event like this had never before taken place in Baydale. And might never again. Jill reflected ruefully. In her ears sounded the rustle of programs, the hum of conversation, and she caught the air of expectancy that hung over the auditorium.

"Come on!" Andy joggled her elbow.

Jill followed him up the stairs to the balcony and into the projection booth. Chet, in a white mess jacket, was already there, looking really handsome in spite of his haircut. He spoke civilly enough. At least he wasn't holding a grudge, either, she thought, returning his greeting as cordially as she could. The boys were going to let her help them this evening, after all!

She pressed her hot face against the six-inch square of window in front of the projector—there was a square projector, too—and stared down at the audience. Dad and Leila and the Craigs were just arriving!

The school band burst into music as loud and free as though the members were playing under the open sky. The program was starting! Next would be the movie! "A poor thing but our own," Jill thought with a surge of loyalty to the group. She noticed that Andy had threaded a big reel into the projector and had smaller film cans waiting.

The music died away. Chet cocked an eyebrow at Andy. "All set?"

Andy nodded. "Here, Jill, you can take

over the phonograph." He handed her a cue sheet for the music and motioned her to the phonograph which had some records stacked beside it. She put on the first record and the music throbbed out through the amplifiers down by the stage. The record was *School Days*. "That old thing!" said Jill to herself impatiently. It was hardly appropriate for the sophisticated *Love 'Em and Leave 'Em*. What could Andy be thinking of?

The auditorium went dark, and the projection booth was dim except for the splotch of light on the ceiling above the projector. Jill's heart was racing. Then she saw words flashing on the screen:

FRESHMAN UPSANDDOWNS

But how could it be? It wasn't possible! Her thoughts were in a muddle. She put her hand on Andy's arm, but he shook her off, so engrossed was he in watching the projector.

Chet was eyeing them both. "What's this, Andy?" he asked and his voice seemed suspicious. "A trailer to fill out the program?"

"The announcement comes later," was all Andy said.

Jill's eyes went back to the screen and a wave of excitement prickled up and down her spine. Announcement! What did he mean? She did not need to follow the story unfolding on the screen—a story she knew by heart after all her solitary hours of work on the film. How she had worked over those shots she and Andy had taken, to weave them together into the comical but true adventures of two freshmen, a freckled boy and a girl with a photogenic face! How carefully she had weighed every decision—which sequence should follow which, cutting one into the other for comic effect! But the result was good. That angle shot of the tower flag was perfect. She pulled Andy's sleeve again, hard this time. She had to know. "Do you like it?"

"Sure, it's keen. You did it, didn't you? The splicing and editing?"

Jill nodded.

"Why didn't you tell me, you goon? I'd have helped."

"I was scared to," she confessed in a whisper. "You always sided with—" She wiggled her thumb at Chet's shadow. "Then, afterwards, I didn't dare tell you—when you were so mad at me."

"I guessed, anyway," Andy admitted, grinning in the darkness. "Because I—well, I had the same idea, myself. I even worked up some titles for *Freshman Upsanddowns*. Then I looked for the film. It was gone—and I knew you'd done something with it and I guessed what it must be. But you wouldn't say and I wouldn't ask. Just two stubborn people!"

"Hey, what are you two gabbing about?" Chet demanded. He sounded more suspicious than ever. "Andy, you're making a terrible mistake. Take a look at the screen and see what you're showing! You're making the program too long with that silly school stuff."

"Pipe down!" Imagine Andy telling Chet that! "You'll understand everything in a minute."

"Stop that film!" Chet's hand went toward the projector.

Andy's voice was calm. "If you touch that film, you'll have to carry on alone this evening." He knew that Chet had been too lazy to learn even the simplest rules for using the projector.

"Okay, you win. But your explanation better be good!"

That reel over, Andy was ready with the second loaded projector and no time was lost. When that film ended, he turned to Jill. "They like it. Hear 'em shout! Jill, they think the club made it. Do you mind?"

"Of course I don't."

"Atta girl!" He thumped her on the back. Turning to the lantern slide projector that was next to the movie one, with its own little window, he slid a card in place.

"What now?" Chet, unsubdued, was fuming again. "More delays? Why aren't you starting *Love 'Em'?*"

"It's the announcement," Andy said and centered the reflection on the screen:

The film you have just seen has been awarded Second prize in the Inter-State Amateur Movie Contest.

At that, the audience broke into cheers and song. Chet's face in the dimness was only an angry blur. "I don't believe it! Who sent it in?"

"I did," Jill spoke up. "As chairman of the committee, I had the right to submit as many entries as I liked. I didn't realize we could submit more than one until the day of the sneak preview, when I happened to read the rules again and saw there was no limit to the number of entries. So I stayed home all that week end and—"

"I don't believe it won second!" Chet protested sharply. "If it did, *Love 'Em* must have got first."

"Here's the letter to prove *Upsanddowns* won!" Andy snapped on the light in the booth and held out the letter. "*Love 'Em* came right back in the shipping case, but *Upsanddowns* wasn't returned until today—with the letter that said it'd won Second. I didn't tell anybody till now because I wanted to keep it for a surprise. The reels came to me, because my name was pasted on them. The letter says *Upsanddowns* is 'vastly superior' to the other entry we submitted."

Chet's sputters were lessening. "Gosh, if you'd just sent in one entry, we wouldn't have won a thing! Hear 'em clap!" Realization dawned on him and he turned a stricken face to Jill. "Say, they think this is the film I directed."

"Let 'em think so! I don't want any glory—and Andy doesn't, either. All I wanted was to save the club," Jill said with warm-hearted generosity.

Chet gave her a grateful look. "You're okay, Jill! You and your movie, both. Second prize. What is it?"

"The sweetest movie camera you ever saw," Andy told him gently, as to a child.

"I suppose, now that the club has its own camera," Chet said, "you won't want me for president." He didn't sound like a blustery director now, but like a boy whom one might even like.

"We'll be voting for new officers soon, anyway," Jill reminded him. The tightness had gone out of her heart. How wonderfully everything had turned out! Andy would be the next president—and now the Movie Makers had their own equipment and needn't kowtow to anyone! Best of all, Dad would be so pleased.

Over the auditorium a chant was rising, insistent and vociferous. It was made by hundreds of voices, demanding, "We want the Movie Makers! We want Andy! We want Chet!"

"Come on down to the stage with us!" The boys pulled her along and they began to chant, too. "We want Jill! We want Jill!"

DON'T MISS THE FEBRUARY INTERNATIONAL ISSUE!

Alice Tisdale Hobart writes of
Madame Chiang Kai-shek in
"CHINA'S GREAT LADY"

This unusual article about that beautiful and valiant woman, Madame Chiang Kai-shek, wife of China's Generalissimo, is written by one of America's leading novelists, the author of "Oil for The Lamps of China," "The Cup and The Sword," and many other books. Mrs. Hobart knows China from long residence in that land.

Also coming in February

Adventure for Angela, by Erick Berry, the tale of a girl who helped to foil Nazi enemies bent on carrying ammunition up an African river to Vichy-French territory—an adventure which would never have taken place if it had not been for the quick thinking of Angela. . . . **The Land of Tir-Na-nOgue**, by Violet Powell, a fairy folk tale of the Aran Islands, enchantingly illustrated by Richard Bennett. . . . **We Won't Go Home Until Morning**, another of Margaret Widdemer's popular stories about old English songs. . . . **The Rose Is Red** by Francis Fitzpatrick Wright, the story of a lost puppy, a stormy night, a valentine, and some high jinks in the college dormitory with Lucy Ellen, Fanny, and the rest. **The Littlest Cossack** by Arvel W. Ahlers—this one will make you hold your breath as you read about a Russian girl who helps to dynamite a landing field for enemy planes. . . . **The Three Races** by Julia M. Seton, the last in the series of Indian creation legends.

BELOW: GENERALISSIMO AND MADAME
CHIANG KAI-SHEK IN THEIR GARDEN



THIS IS ANGELA, WHO RIDES ON A DARING MISSION IN
ERICK BERRY'S AFRICAN STORY COMING IN FEBRUARY

WHO'S WHO IN THIS ISSUE

Helen Diehl Olds, author of "Jill Angles In," has been so exposed to photography through a husband and a son both interested in it, that she can't keep the subject out of her stories. That son is now with the U. S. Signal Corps, a second lieutenant assigned to newsreel work. The other son is a typical high school freshman in Little Neck, Long Island, where Mrs. Olds has lived for seventeen years. **Lenora Mattingly Weber**, who has born in Dawn, Missouri, is a favorite author of AMERICAN GIRL readers. "Merily She Rode Along," her short serial about "Em" and "Kip," unfolds its second part in this issue. Mrs. Weber, who lives in Denver, Colorado, has five sons, one daughter, and once won the World's Championship in the Cheyenne Rodeo, riding in the Relay Race. **Hilda Frommholz** (Mrs. Victor Ulric), illustrator of "Jill Angles In," appears in THE AMERICAN GIRL for the first time. Born in Brooklyn, New York, Mrs. Ulric graduated from the Parsons School of Fine and Applied Art, and has done illustrations for many of the women's magazines, juvenile books, and text books. **Mary Rebecca Lingenfelter**, who contributes the material for "Good Times With Books" in this issue, has spent a number of years organizing school and college libraries. Unusually well experienced in the library field, Miss Lingenfelter has been associated with Columbia University, Johns Hopkins University, Ohio State University, and has studied at Oxford. **Sari** (whose real name is Ann Fleur), illustrator of "Beauty and Job Hunting," is also making her first appearance in THE AMERICAN GIRL. She has illustrated a number of children's books, loves to paint, and to listen to organ music. She lives in New York, is single, and enjoys being with her half dozen nieces. **Gertrude Simpson**, who wrote "Girl Scouts Take Flight," is a member of the Girl Scout National Staff, a graduate of Skidmore, a contributor to many of the women's magazines, and is married to an artist. She and her husband "vaga-bonded" through the romance countries of Europe before the war. Mrs. Simpson has lived in Canada and in various parts of the United States. Her enthusiasms, she tells us, are cats, concerts, and circuses.



Modern Minute Maids

serve their country in smart Girl Scout uniforms—practical and patriotic as the War Savings Stamps they buy for Victory. Trimly tailored in silver-green sanforized Girl Scout cloth, they are styled for teen-agers who want their uniform to be in step with the times—one designed to give service while serving.

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